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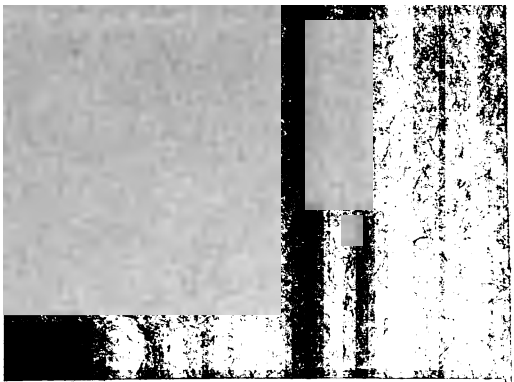

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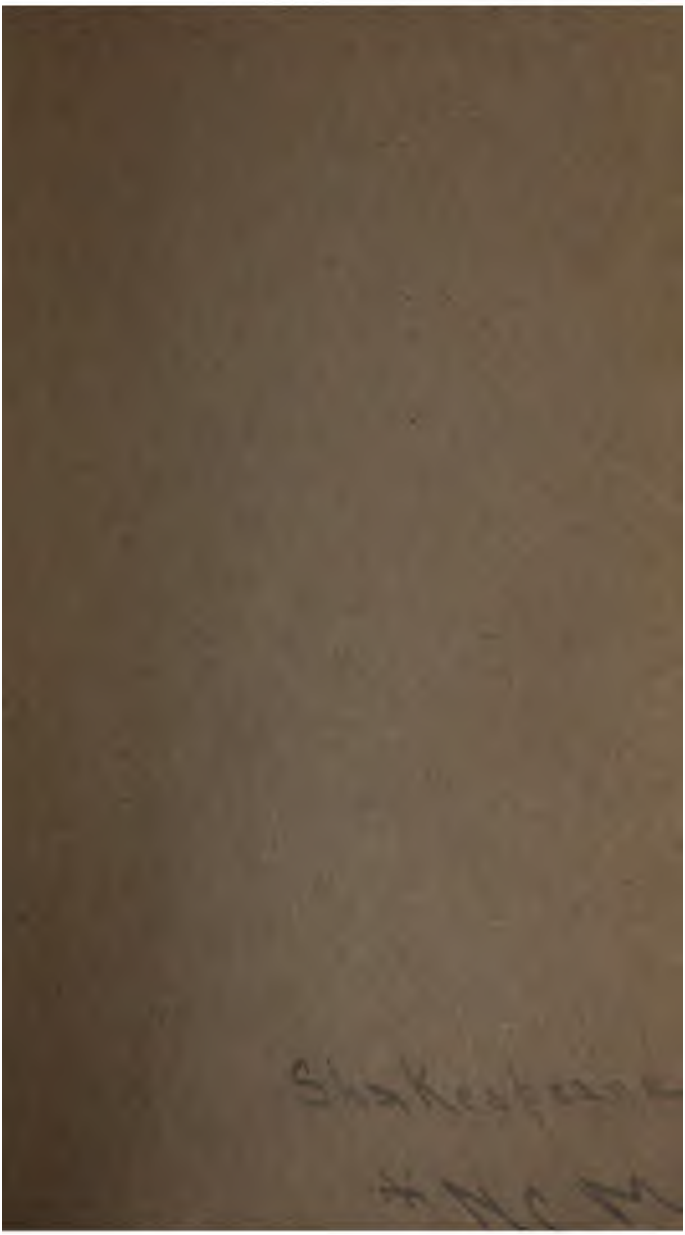

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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

THE

WORKS

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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CONTAINING

JULIUS CÆSAR,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,
CYMBELINE,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

EDINBURGH:

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs*
M. Antony, } *after the death*
M. Æmilius Lepidus, } *of Julius Cæsar.*
Cicero.
Brutus, }
Cassius, }
Casca, }
Trebonius, } *conspirators*
Ligarius, } *against Julius Cæsar.*
Decius Brutus, }
Metellus Cimber, }
Cinna, }
Popilius Læna, } *Senators.*
Publius, }
Flavius, } *Tribunes, and ene-*
Marullus, } *mies to Cæsar.*
Messala, } *friends to Brutus and*
Titinius, } *Cassius.*
Artemidorus, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.
Young Cato.
Cinna, *a poet.*
Another poet.
Lucilius, }
Dardanius, }
Volumnius, }
Varro, } *servants to Brutus.*
Clitus, }
Claudius, }
Strato, }
Lucius, }
Pindarus, *servant to Cassius.*
Ghost of Julius Cæsar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.
Calphurnia, *wife to Cæsar.*
Portia, *wife to Brutus.*
Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the three first acts, at Rome; afterwards, at an ille near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir,——What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, coble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no mens' matters, nor woman's matters; but withal I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-lether have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day?
Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get "myſelf into more work." But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee Cæſar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have ſat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome.
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,

That

That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
Be gone———
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe'r their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies †.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know it is the feaſt of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with Cæſar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers pluck'd from Cæſar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, for the courſe, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, and a Soothſayer.

Cæſ. Calphurnia,———
Caſca. Peace, ho! Cæſar ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,———

† *ceremonies*, for *religious ornaments.*

Calp. Here, my Lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his courſe——Antonius,——
Ant. Cæſar, my Lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders ſay,
The barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When Cæſar ſays, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar,——
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill; peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſic,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; Cæſar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A Soothſayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæſar.
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt Cæſar and train.*

SCENE III. *Manent Brutus and Caſſius.*

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am
Of late with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf;
Which give ſome ſoil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Caſ. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, Caſſius; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflection from ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæſar), ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from Brutus.

SCENE IV. *Enter Cæſar and his train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæſar is returning.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck Caſca by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his four faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, Caſſius,——
The angry ſpot doth glow on Cæſar's brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſs'd in conf'rence by ſome ſenators.

Caſ. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæſ. Antonius,——

Ant. Cæſar?

Cæſ. "Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
"Yond Caſſius has a lean and hungry look,
"He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.

Ant.

When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I, &c.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæſar, he's not dangerous;
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
'Yet if my name were liable to fear,
'I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
'So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
'He is a great obſerver; and he looks
'Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
'As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſic;
'Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
'As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
'That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
'Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
'Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
'And therefore are they very dangerous.
'I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
'Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt Cæſar and his train.*

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus and Caſſius: Caſca, to them.

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, Caſca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæſar looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk Caſca what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a-ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice. What was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca.

Caſca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caſca.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe cornets: and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement ſhouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe Cæſar refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choked Cæſar; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you; what, did Cæſar ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, "If he had done "or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to "think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches "where I ſtood, cry'd, "Alas, good ſoul!"——and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed

to

to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away.

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling ſcarfs off Cæſar's images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, Caſca?

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo: farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterpriſe,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo; till then think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I ſee
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear *me hard*; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,

He

He ſhould not humour † me.——I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein, obſcurely,
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And, after this, let Cæſar ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, his ſword drawn; and Cicero, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Caſca; brought you Cæſar home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heav'n;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I ha' not ſince put up my ſword),
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore they ſaw
Men all in fire walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting

† *To humour* ſignifies here *to turn and wind* him, by inflaming his *paſſions.*

Houting and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
" Theſe are their reaſons, they are natural:"
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſca. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Caſca; this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Caſca. Farewel, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Caſſius.*

Caſ. Who's there?

Caſca. A Roman.

Caſ. Caſca, by your voice.

Caſca. Your ear is good. Caſſius, what night is this?

Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

Caſ. Thoſe that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, Caſca, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, Caſca; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a Roman, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate †;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, Caſca, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis Cæſar that you mean; is it not, Caſſiu

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed they ſay the ſenators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh Cæſar as a King:
And he ſhall wear his crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.

Caſ. 'I know where I will wear this dagger then,
'Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius.
'Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong
'Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
'Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
'Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
'Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
'But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
'Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
'If I know this; know all the world beſides,
'That part of tyranny that I do bear,
'I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould Cæſar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

† *Calculate* here ſignifies to *foretel* or *prophecy*.

But that he ſees the Romans are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is Rome?
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæſar? But, oh, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I perhaps ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to Caſca, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Caſca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterpriſe
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know by this they ſtay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the elements
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, Metellus Cimber?

Caſ. No, it is Caſca, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Caſſius! could you win the noble Brutus
To our party——

Caſ. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper;

And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, Caſca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus's garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. WHAT, Lucius! ho!——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars
Give gueſs how near to day.——Lucius, I ſay!
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I ſay! what, Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;

But

But for the general. He would be crown'd———
"How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
"And that craves wary walking: crown him—that—
"And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
"That at his will he may do danger with.
"Th' abuſe of greatneſs is, when it diſjoins
"Remorſe † from power: and, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
'That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
'Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
'But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
'He then unto the ladder turns his back,
'Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
'By which he did aſcend: ſo Cæſar may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous,
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus ſeal'd up; and I am ſure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf:
Shall Rome——ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.

† *remorſe, for mercy.*

Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake.
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome——thus muſt I piece it out,
Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? what! Rome?
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs.——Am I intreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike! O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſome body knocks:
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.——
'Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
'And the firſt motion, all the interim is
'Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
'The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
'Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
'Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
'The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caſſius at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. "O Conſpiracy!
"*Sham'ſt thou* to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
"*When evils* are moſt free? O then, by day
"*Where wilt* thou find a cavern dark enough,

"To

" To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, Conſpira-
" Hide it in ſmiles and affability: [cy;
" For if thou path †, thy native ſemblance on,
" Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
" To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caſ. I think we are too bold upon your reſt;
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I theſe men that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh
You had but that opinion of yourſelf,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This Caſca; this Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the eaſt: doth not the day break here?
Caſca. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.
Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the ſouth,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. " No, not an oath: if that the fate of men,

" The

† *path, i. e. walk.* He makes a verb of the ſubſtantive.

" The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,——
" If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes;
" And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
" So let high-ſighted * Tyranny range on,
" Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
" As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
" To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
" The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
" What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
" To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
" Than ſecret † Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
" And will not palter? and what other oath,
" Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
" That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
" Swear prieſts and cowards, and men cautelous,
" Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
" That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
" Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
" The even virtue of our enterpriſe,
" Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
" To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
" Doth need an oath: when ev'ry drop of blood
That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſs'd from him.

Caſ. But what of Cicero? ſhall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy mens' voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caſ.

* *Alluding to a hawk ſoaring on high, and intent upon its prey.*

† *ſecret, for ſelect*, uſed becauſe ſecrecy is an eſſential quality *in confederations.*

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only Cæſar?

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should outlive Cæſar: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæſar fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,
And not diſmember Cæſar! but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it——" And, gentle friends,
" Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
" Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the gods,
" Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds.
" And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
" Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
" And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæſar's arm,
When Cæſar's head is off.

Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæſar——

Bru. Alas, good Caſſius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæſar, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for Cæſar:
And that were much he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caſ.

Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If Cæſar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy *, or dreams, and ceremonies *;
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him; " for he loves to hear,
" That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
" And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
" Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
" But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
" He ſays he does; being then moſt flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus;
And, friends! diſperſe yourſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt Manet*

* By *fantaſy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies* *atonements of the gods* by means of religious rites and ſacrifices.

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! faſt aſleep? it is no matter,
" Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
" Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
" Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
" Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

SCENE III. *Enter Portia.*

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your's neither. " You've ungently, Brutus,
" Stole from my bed. And, yeſternight at ſupper,
" You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
" Muſing and ſighing, with your arms acroſs;
" And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
" You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
" I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
" And too impatiently ſtampt with your foot:
" Yet I inſiſted; yet you anſwer'd not;
" But, with an angry wafture with your hand,
" Gave ſign to me to leave you: ſo I did,
" Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
" Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
" Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
" Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the *dank morning?* What! is Brutus ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make but one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you; for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I yourſelf,
But as it were in ſort or limitation
To keep with you at meals, conſort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? if it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks; Portia, go in a while;

And,

And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius that Metellus ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not ſick!

Lig. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods the Romans bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru A piece of work that will make ſick men whole.

Lig. But are not ſome whole that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Cæſar's palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cry'd out,
"*Help, ho! they murder Cæſar.*" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord?———

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Ser. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæſar? think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæſ. Cæſar ſhall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of Cæſar, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did grone;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O Cæſar! theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæſar ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæſar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæſ. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taſte of death but once.
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear;
"Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
"Will come, when it will come,

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser.

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the intrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

[*Exit Servant.*

Caſ. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear †.
Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend Mark Antony to the ſenate-houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Caſ. Mark Antony ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

SCENE V. *Enter Decius.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. Cæſar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæſar;
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.
Caſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer:
I will not come to-day; tell them ſo, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is ſick.
Caſ. Shall Cæſar ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæſar will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at when I tell them ſo.
Caſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.

† ——————to-day for fear.
No, Cæſar ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder *and more terrible*;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, &c.

But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dream'd laſt night, ſhe ſaw my ſtatue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood: and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted.
It was a viſion fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood: and that great men ſhall preſs *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
For tinctures, ſtains, relics, and cogniſance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.

Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay.
And know it now, the ſenate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæſar.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the ſenate till another time,
When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.
If Cæſar hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, Cæſar is afraid!
Pardon me, Cæſar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding † bids me tell you this;
And reaſon to my love is liable.

Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia!
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

SCENE

* Some lines ſeem to be wanting between this and the ſubſequent one.

† *proceeding*, for *advancement*, *eſtabliſhment*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And, look, where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæſar.
Cæſ. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, Caſca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o' clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to moſt Noble Cæſar.
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within.
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will;—and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been farther.
Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me;
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O Cæſar,
[*Aſide.*
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to a ſtreet near the Capitol.*

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Cæſar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Caſſius; come not near Caſca; have an eye to Cinna; truſt not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt Cæſar. If thou beſt

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wiſh your enterpriſe to-day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterpriſe, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid Popilius Læna?

Caſ. He wiſh'd to-day our enterpriſe might thrive.
I fear our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæſar; mark him.

Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done, if this be known?
Caſſius, or Cæſar, never ſhall turn back;
For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius, be conſtant.
Popilius Læna ſpeaks not of our purpoſe;
For, look, he ſmiles, and Cæſar doth not change.

Caſ. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to Cæſar.

Bru. He is addreſs'd; preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That Cæſar and his ſenate muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, Moſt Mighty, and Moſt Puiſſant Cæſar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber;
Theſe crouchings and theſe lowly curteſies,
Might ſtir the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance † and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met.

† *pre-ordinance*, for *ordinance already eſtabliſhed.*

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?
Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What, Brutus!
Caſ. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg infranchiſement for Publius Cimber.
Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar †.
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant, Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd;
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.
Cin. O Cæſar———
Cæſ. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæſar———
Cæſ. Do not, Brutus, bootleſs kneel!
Caſca. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab Cæſar.*
Cæſ. *Et tu, Brute!*—then fall, Cæſar! [*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead———
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets———
Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and infranchiſement.
Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.
Caſ. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Caſſius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin.

† ——— northern ſtar.
Of whoſe true, fix'd, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion; and that I am he.
Let me, &c.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of Cæſar's
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe; ſo tell them, Publius.
Caſ. And leave us, Publius, leſt that the people
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.
Bru. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

SCENE II. *Enter Trebonius.*

Caſ. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomſday.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.
Caſca. Stoop, Romans, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! freedom! and liberty!"
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh——How many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in Cæſar's blood.*
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted o'er,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?
Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away.

Brutus

itus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
th the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
ſer. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
us did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
d being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
itus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;
ſar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
Brutus will vouchſafe that Antony
y ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
w Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death;
rk Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead,
well as Brutus living; but will follow
e fortunes and affairs of Noble Brutus,
rough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
th all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.
Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
ver thought him worſe.
l him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
part untouch'd.
ſer. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to friend.
Caſ. I wiſh we may: but yet have I a mind
it fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
s ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

SCENE III. *Enter Antony.*

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæſar! doſt thou lie ſo low?
re all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
hrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.
ow not, Gentlemen, what you intend;
o elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank.
myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
alf that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich

With

With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die.
" No place will pleaſe me ſo, no means of death,
" As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
" The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done.
Our hearts you ſee not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms exempt from malice; " and our hearts,
" Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.
Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, your's; now your's, Metellus;
Your's Cinna; and, my valiant Caſca, your's;
Tho' laſt, not leaſt in love, your's, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæſar, oh, 'tis true.
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius——here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy lethe †.
Caſ. Mark Antony——
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius.
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.
Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo.
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands: but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein Cæſar was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.
Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; do not conſent [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:

† ——in thy lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?
Caſ. Mark, &c.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our Cæſar's death.
What Antony ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented Cæſar ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caſ. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæſar's body.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæſar's body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of Cæſar;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators,*

SCENE IV. *Manet Antony.*

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curſe ſhall light upon the line of men †;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of War:
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
"*And* Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,

"With

† *i. e.* human race.

" With Até by his ſide come hot from hell,
" Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
" Cry, *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?
Ser. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O Cæſar! [*Seeing the body*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy maſter coming?
Ser. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, [chanc'd.
No Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæſar's body.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Forum.*

Enter Brutus, and mounts the Roſtra; Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers:
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And public *reaſons ſhall* be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Caſſius, and compare their reaſons, When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Caſſius, with ſome of the Plebeians.*

3 *Pleb.* The Noble Brutus is aſcended: ſilence!

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. 'If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of 'Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar 'was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, 'why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: 'Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I lov'd Rome 'more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die 'all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free-'men? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he 'was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I 'honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. 'There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, ho-'nour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's 'here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, 'ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, 'that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him 'have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not 'love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I of-'fended.——I pauſe for a reply——

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæſar than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæſar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as *I ſlew my beſt lover* for the good of Rome, I have the

ſame

ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors,

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæſar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſs'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans——

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
"I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
"The evil that men do, lives after them;
"The good is oft interred with their bones;
"So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
"Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;

If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon——Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reaſon in his ſayings. If thou conſider rightly of the matter, Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown; Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to ſpeak.

Ant. 'But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
'Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
'And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
'O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
'Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
'I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong;
'Who, you all know, are honourable men.
'I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
'To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
'Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
'But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
'I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will;
'Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
'(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
'And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
'And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
'Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
'And dying, mention it within their wills,
'Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
'Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will, read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. 'Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
'It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
'You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
'And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
'It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
''Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
'For if you ſhould——O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony; You ſhall read us the will, Cæſar's will.

Ant. 'Will you be patient! will you ſtay a while?
'(I have o'erſhot myſelf, to tell you of it).
'I fear I wrong the honourable men,
'Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers; the will! read the will.

Ant. 'You will compel me then to read the will?
'Then make a *ring* about the corpſe of Cæſar,
'And let me ſhew you him that made the will.

'Shall

'Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony——Moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. 'If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.

'You all do know this mantle; I remember,

'The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on,

'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,

'That day he overcame the Nervii——

'Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;—

'See what a rent the envious Caſca made.——

'Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;

'And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,

'Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!

As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,

If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:

'For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.

'Judge, oh you gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him;

'This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;

'For when the Noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,

'Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,

'Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:

'And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

'Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,

'Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue.

'O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

'Then I and you, and all of us fell down,

'Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.

'O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

'The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.

'Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold

'Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? look you here!

'Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O Noble Cæſar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 Pleb.

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——ſeek—burn—fire—kill—ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the Noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.——

Ant. 'Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you
'To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny. [up
'They that have done this deed are honourable.
'What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
'That made them do it: they are wiſe and honourable;
'And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
'I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
'I am no orator, as Brutus is:
'But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
'That love my friend; and that they know full-well
'That give me public leave to ſpeak of him:
'For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
'Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
'To ſtir mens' blood; I only ſpeak right on.
'I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
'Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
'And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
'And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
'Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
'In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
'The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then; come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, Moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Moſt true—the will—let's ſtay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman citizen he gives,*
To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty-five drachma's.

2 Pleb

2 *Pleb.* Moſt Noble Cæſar! we'll revenge his death.
3 *Pleb.* O Royal Cæſar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that ſide Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar, when comes ſuch another?
1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.
2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work; Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dream'd to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unlucky charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors;
Yet ſomething leads me forth.
1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 Pl

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay——I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to ſay, they are fools "that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: "proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæſar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna.*

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his "bad verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna;* pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, fire-brands:
To Brutus, to Caſſius, burn all. Some to Decius's houſe,
And ſome to Caſca's, ſome to Ligarius: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many then ſhall die, their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too muſt die: conſent you, Lepidus?

Lep.

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn hi
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæſar's houſe;
Fetch the will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepid*

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To grone and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius: and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations:
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things——Brutus and Caſſius

Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretch'd out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies:
And ſome that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?
Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, Pindarus,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius——
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an inforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;

But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caſ. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?
Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of your's hides wrongs;
And when you do them———
Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us),
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the inſide of Brutus's tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Caſſius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wher

Wherein my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence † ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that ſpeak this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!———
Bru. " Remember March, the ides of March remem-
" Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice ſake? [ber!
" What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
" And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
" That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
" But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
" Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
" And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
" For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
" I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
" Than ſuch a Roman.
Caſ. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not Caſſius.
Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf——
Have mind upon your health——tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man!
Caſ. Is't poſſible?———
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I *be frighted when* a madman ſtares?

† *i. e. ſmall trifling offence.*

Caſ. O gods! ye gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;

" Go, ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are,
" And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way——you wrong me,
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better. [Brutus;
Did I ſay better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not!——

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
" There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
" For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
" That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
" Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
" For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
" For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
" By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
" And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
" From the hard hands of peaſants their vile trash,
" By any indirection. I did ſend
" *To you for* gold to pay my legions,
" *Which you* denied me; was that done like Caſſius?

" Should

uld I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
en Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
h him to pieces.
: I deny'd you not.
. You did.
: I did not——He was but a fool
brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
nd ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
rutus makes mine greater than they are.
. I do not. Still you practiſe them on me.
: You love me not.
. I do not like your faults.
: A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
ge as high Olympus.
: Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
ge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
aſſius is a-weary of the world;
l by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
t'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
ft into my teeth. O I could weep
irit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
here my naked breaſt——within, a heart
r than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
t thou needſt a Roman's, take it forth.
t deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
as thou didſt at Cæſar; for I know,
thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.
. Sheath your dagger;
gry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
at carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
ho much inforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
d ſtraight is cold again.
. Hath Caſſius liv'd
but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing*

Caſ. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo †.

SCENE IV. *Enter Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. 'O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. 'Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears ſorrow better——Portia's dead

Caſ

† ——————and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within*

Poet [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this cynic rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet*

SCENE. &c.

Caſ. 'Ha! Portia?———
Bru. 'She is dead.
Caſ. 'How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong; (for with her death
That tidings came), with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius;—welcome, good Meſſala.

SCENE V. *Enter Titinius and Meſſala.*

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. O Portia! art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.———
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd Philippi.
Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That, by proſcription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty ſenators that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.
Caſ. Cicero one?———
Meſ. Cicero is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru.

Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my Lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſic and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune——O murth'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſic? Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me ſee——is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

SCENE VII. *Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.*

How ill this taper burns!——Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition!——
It comes upon me——Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi.
Bru. Then I ſhall ſee thee again.——
Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.——

Now

Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my Lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks he is ſtill at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo criedſt out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt. Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius; ſirrah, Claudius, fellow! Varro! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Caſſius;
Bid him ſet on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The fields of Philippi with the two camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. NOW, Antony, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not ſo; their battles are at hand,
They mean to wage us at Philippi here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,

To

To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

SCENE II. *Drum.*

Enter Brutus, Caſſius, and their army.

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, Titinius, we muſt out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæſar, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have ſome words.

Oct. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, Brutus, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in Cæſar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæſar!"

Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too†.

Bru. You threat before you ſting.

Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar.

You

* ——————ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtolen their buzzing, Antony;
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! &c.

You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
Whilſt damned Caſca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæſar on the neck. O flatterers!

Caſ. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If Caſſius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. [ſweat,
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?
Never till Cæſar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæſar
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh ſchoolboy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!——

Oct. Come, Antony, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Meſſala ſtand forth.*

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus ſpeaks apart to Lucilius.*

Caſ. Meſſala!

Meſ. What ſays my General?

Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet

Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do ravenous crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, Lucilius.
Caſ. Now, Moſt Noble Brutus,
The gods to-day ſtand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befal.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life; ***† arming myſelf with patien
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.
Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of Rome?
Bru. 'No, Caſſius, no; think not, thou Noble Ro
'That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

† *It is evident*, that, between theſe words and the foregoi *ſentence is dropped* out to this effect, On the contrary, true cou *ſeen in the arming myſelf with patience*, &c.

'He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
'Muſt end that work the ides of March begun.
'And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not:
'Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
'For ever, and for ever, farewel, Caſſius!
'If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
'If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. 'Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
'The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come:
'But it ſufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *Alarum. Enter Brutus and Meſſala.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala; ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;
A ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Meſſala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius and Titinius.

Caſ. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Caſſius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having ſome advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by Antony were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, Noble Caſſius, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,
Are thoſe my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field. [*Ex. Pind.*
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?
Pind. [*above*] Oh, my Lord!
Caſ. What news?
Pind. Titinius is incloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*
Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword
That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.——Cæſar, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee.——
[*Kills himſelf.*
Pind. So I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. Oh, Caſſius!
Far from this country Pindarus ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter Titinius and Meſſala.*

Meſ. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by Noble Brutus' power,

As Caſſius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala;
But Caſſius is no more! Oh, ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to-night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
To ſun of Rome is ſet; our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Meſ. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, thruſting this report
Into his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hie you, Meſſala,
And I will ſeek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit. Meſ.*
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave Caſſius!
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.
By your leave, gods——This is a Roman's part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Meſſala, doth his body lie?
Meſ. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh Julius Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper intrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look if he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!——
Bru. Are yet two Romans living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the Romans! fare thee well;
It is impoſſible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time——
Come, therefore, and to Thaſſos ſend his body.
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, ſet our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit.*

Lu

Luc. Oh young and Noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as Titinius:
And may'ſt be honour'd, being Cato's ſon *.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die †.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
[*Giving him money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
Sol. We muſt not. A noble priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sol.* Room, ho! tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sol.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General.
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth; keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee if Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to another part of the field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.
Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light; but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

* *i. e.* worthy of him.

† A line ſeems to be loſt here, to this purpoſe, as if the Soldier had demanded, *Whether there was yet much reſiſtance on the part of the enemy? To which Lucilius anſwered, There is ſo much, &c.*

Bru.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; ſlaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, Clitus——
[*Whiſpering.*
Cli. What! I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius?
Dar. I do ſuch a deed?
Cli. Oh, Dardanius!
Dar. Oh, Clitus!
Cli. What ill requeſt did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; liſt a word.
Vol. What ſays my Lord?
Bru. Why, this Volumnius.
The ghoſt of Cæſar hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night; at Sardis once;
And this laſt night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſeeſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath

ılmoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
ıave but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.
Fly, my Lord, fly.——
. Hence; I will follow thee.
hee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy Lord.
ırt a fellow of a good reſpect;
'e hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
hen my ſword, and turn away thy face,
I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
. Give me your hand firſt,——fare you well, my Lord.
Farewel, good Strato;—Cæſar, now be ſtill.
I not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword and dies.*

SCENE IX.

Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, and the army.

What man is that?
My maſter's man. Strato, where is thy maſter?
Free from the bondage you are in, Meſſala;
ınq'rors can make but a fire of him:
utus only overcame himſelf;
› man elſe hath honour by his death.
So Brutus ſhould be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
ıou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.
All that ſerv'd Brutus I will entertain them.
wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Ay, if Meſſala will prefer me to you.
Do ſo, good Meſſala.
How died my Lord, Strato?
I held the ſword, and he did run on it.
Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
id the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.
This was the nobleſt Roman of them all.
conſpirators, ſave only he,
ıt they did in envy of great Cæſar.
y, *in a general honeſt* thought,
mmon good to all, made one of them.

His

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue, let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within his tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to reſt; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTONY.
vius Cæsar.
lius Lepidus.
Pompeius.
itius Ænobarbus,
idius,
lius,
s,
tas,
trius,
,
enas,
ppa,
bella,
aleus,
eus,
s,
s, *friend to Pompey.*

friends and followers of Antony.

friends to Cæsar.

Menecrates, Varrius, } *friends to Pompey.*
Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*
Taurus, *Lieut.-Gen. to Cæsar.*
Alexas, Mardian, Diomedes, Seleucus, } *servants to Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer.
Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*
Octavia, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
Charmian, Iras, } *Ladies attending on Cleopatra.*
Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

e SCENE is dispers'd in several parts of the Roman empire.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

" NAY, but this dotage of our General
'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
hat o'er the files and musters of the war
ave glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
he office and devotion of their view
pon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
hich in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

" The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
" And is become the bellows and the fan
" To cool a gypſy's luſt. Look where they come

Flouriſh. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies in train, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
" The triple pillar of the world transform'd
" Into a ſtrumpet's ſtool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love than can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the ſum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.———

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and moſt like),
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's? I'd ſay both?
Call in the meſſengers; as I'm Ægypt's Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager; elſe, ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds. The meſſengers

Ant. " Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
" Of the rais'd empire fall! here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embra*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure new. What ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. "Fie, wrangling Queen!
"Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
"To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
"To make itſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No meſſenger, but thine;——and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.

Dem. I'm ſorry
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.

Char. Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? Oh that I knew this huſband, which you ſay muſt charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Æno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me, to marry me with, Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall outlive the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names †. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertile every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.———

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Æno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication,

† *i. e.* be of no note.

ſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?——give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! Alexas,—Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.——O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſt, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Iſis, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores but they'd do't.

SCENE III. *Enter Cleopatra.*

Æno. Huſh! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Æno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden A Roman thought hath ſtruck him. Ænobarbus,——

Æno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here at your ſervice. My Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Meſſenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt*

Meſſ. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?

Meſſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the Time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar:
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. "When it concerns the fool or coward;—on.—
Things that are paſt are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.

Meſſ. Labienus (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia;
From Euphrates his conquering banner ſhook,
From Syria to Lydia and Ionia;
Whilſt——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay——

Meſſ. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome.
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie ſtill; and our ill told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Meſſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From Sicyon, how the news? ſpeak there.

Meſſ. The man from Sicyon, is there ſuch an one?

[*Exit firſt Meſſenger.*

Attend. He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.
Theſe ſtrong Ægyptian fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe myſelf in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Meſſenger with a letter.

2 Meſſ. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

2 *Meſſ.* In Sicyon.
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.——— [*Exit ſecond Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! thus did I deſire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution low'ring, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this inchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, Ænobarbus?

Enter Ænobarbus.

Æno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Æno. Why, then we kill all our women. We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Æno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though between them and a great cauſe they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Æno. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears: they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Æno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bleſs'd withal, would *have diſcredited your travel.*

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Æno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailor of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Æno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience * to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t' us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea. Our ſlipp'ry people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier: whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like the courſer's hair †, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires

Our

* *expedience*, for *expedition*.

† *This alludes to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horſe dropp'd into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.*

Our quick remove from hence.

Æno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.—
I did not send you.——If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to inforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and sullen.

Ant. I'm sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye, there's some good
What says the marry'd woman? you may go; [news.
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was their Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant.

Ant. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? riotous madneſs
To be intangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words; no going then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliſs in our brows' bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heav'n †. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt lyar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhouldſt know
There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen.
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domeſtic pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſalve my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me free-
It does from childiſhneſs. Can Fulvia die? [dom,

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See when and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!

Where

† *i. e.* had a ſmack or flavour of heaven.

Where be the ſacred phials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill and well:
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my ſword——
Cleo. And target——Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part, (but that's not it);
Sir, you and I have lov'd, (but there's not it,
That you know well); ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten †.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. *But, Sir, forgive me;*

Since

† *The meaning is, My forgetfulneſs makes me forget myſelf.*

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Cæſar's Palace in Rome.*

Enter Octavius Cæſar reading a letter, Lepidus and Attendants.

Cæſ. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural voice to hate
One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that he had partners.
You ſhall there find a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him,
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh), yet muſt Antony
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd

His

His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, immature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt Noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea,
And it appears he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs:
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſh'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
'Comes 'dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to and back, lacqueying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Meſſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails.——When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa Conſuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink

The

The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did
The roughest berry on the rudeſt hedge: [deign
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſedſt. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now)
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome; 'tis time, is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.

Cæſ. Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord.
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmain,——

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink Mandragoras.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.——

Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian,——

Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo.

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh Charmian!
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe; for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. "He's ſpeaking now,
"Or murmuring, Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?—
"(For ſo he calls me). Now I feed myſelf
"With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
"That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
"And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæſar,
"When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.——His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends
This treaſure of an *oyſter*; at whoſe foot,
To mend the pretty preſent, I will pace

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So he nodded;
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed †,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly done by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man: but note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?

Char. Oh, that brave Cæſar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæſar.

Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

Cleo. My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment.——Cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then.——But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

† *i. e.* his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. IF the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we ſue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My pow'r's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. Cæſar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From Silvius, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a lethe'd dulneſs———

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?
Var. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver.

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-laſt-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves.
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Ænobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Ænobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t' intreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Æno. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf; if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Æno. Every time

Serves

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give away.
Æno. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The Noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Æno. And yonder Cæſar.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia.——
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæſ. I do not know; Mecænas, aſk Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech),
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flourifh.*
Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit. Sir.
Cæſ. Nay, then——
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæſar, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt; yet, if you there

Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake the buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reporters,
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with your's,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with),
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o' th' world is your's, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy; but not ſuch a wife.

Æno. 'Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you;
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want

Of

Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,
I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Caſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.———

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
The honour's ſacred † which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæſar,
The article of my oath———

Caſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected rather;
And then when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to inforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, Mecænas.

Æno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only, ſpeak no more.

Æno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Æno. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.———

Caſ. I do not much diſlike the manner, but

The

† *ſacred, for unbroken, unviolated.*

The matter of this ſpeech: for't cannot be
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar.

Cæſ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia! great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your approof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, Cæſar; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half-tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

Cæſ. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
(If I would ſay, "Agrippa, be it ſo")
To make this good?

Caſ. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,

The

The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's.
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæſ. About the mount Miſenum.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Ænobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, Sir.
Æno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecenas! my honourable friend Agrippa!———
Agr. Good Ænobarbus!
Mec. We have cauſe to be glad that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in Ægypt.

Æno.

Æno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there.——Is this true!

Æno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Æno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſ'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Æno. I will tell you.

" The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
" Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
" Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that [ſilver,
" The winds were love-ſick with 'em; th' oars were
" Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
" The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
" As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
" It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
" In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
" O'er-picturing that Venus†, where we ſee
" The fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her,
" Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
" With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
" To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
" And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for Antony!

Æno. " Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
" So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
" And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
" A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
" Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
" That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air: which, but for vacancy,

Had

† *Meaning* the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Ægyptian!
Æno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
Æno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the public ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.
Æno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſs'd allott'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good Ænobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Æno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them *for you.*
Ant. *Good night, Sir.* My Octavia,

Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæſar and Octavia.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Soothſayer.*

Ant. Now, ſirrah! do you wiſh yourſelf in Ægypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.
Ant. If you can, your reaſon?
Sooth. I ſee it in my motion *, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to Ægypt again.
Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's or mine.
Sooth. Cæſar's.——Therefore, oh Antony, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not. But near him thy angel
Becomes a fear †, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.—
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by. I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit Sooth.*
He ſhall to Parthia;—be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draws lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ‡ ever
Beat

* *i. e.* the divinitory agitation.
† *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abſtract for the concrete.
‡ *Lucian relates*, that at Athens quail fighting was exhibited at *ſhews: and many other antient authors mention it as a ſport much in uſe.*

Beat mine, in hoop'd at odds. I will to Ægypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, Ventidius.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to Parthia, your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you haste
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good success.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody food
Of us that trade in love——
Omnes. The music, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, tho't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce

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Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—oh times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippine. Oh, from Italy;——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Rain thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſſ. Madam! Madam!
Cleo. Antony's dead?———
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that, [uſe
The gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal † man.
Meſſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail

Rich

† *formal*, for *ordinary*.

Rich pearls upon thee *.

Meſſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſſ. And friends with Cæſar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Meſſ. Cæſar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſſ. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like *But yet*, it does allay
The good precedence †; fie upon *But yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæſar,
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſſ. Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch report.
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſſ. For the beſt turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Meſſ. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*

Meſſ. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*

* It was a ceremony among the eaſtern nations, at coronations, triumphs, and great feſtivals, that their kings ſitting in ſtate had ſhowers of gold, and pearl, and precious ſtones, poured down upon them. To which cuſtom Milton alſo alludes:

Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold. B. 2. v. 3.

This fact is verified by hiſtorians. In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Perſian, a contemporary author, are the following words, as they are tranſlated by Monſ. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, *B. 2. chap.* 1.

Les princes du ſang royal & les emirs repandirent a pleines mains ſur ſa tete quantité d'or & de pierreries, ſelon la coutume.

And at the bottom of the page is this note;

Cette coutume ſubſiſte encore aujourd hui, non ſeulement au couronnement des princes, mais encore aux marriages des particuliers.

† *Precedence*, for *precedent*.

Thou ſhalt be whipp'd with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring prickle.
Meſſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd two long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Meſſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam! I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt——
Melt Ægypt into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, *Yes*.
Meſſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſſ. Should I lye, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt;
So half my Ægypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go, get thee hence;

Hadſt

Hadſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly. He is married?—
Meſſ. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?——
Meſſ. Take no offence, for I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.
Cleo. Oh, that his faults ſhould make a knave of thee,
That ſay'ſt but what thou'rt ſure of!—Get thee hence;
The merchandizes thou haſt brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Meſſ.*
Char. Good your Highneſs, patience.
Cleo. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; oh Iras, Charmian——'tis no matter.——
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,——
Let him for ever go—let him not, Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
Th' other way he's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
Bring word how tall ſhe is: pity me, Charmian,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the coaſt of Italy, near Miſenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet; at another Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar
(Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted),
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? and what
Made thee, all-honour'd, honeſt Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courters of beauteous Freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy: at whoſe burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.
Cæſ. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, Pompey, with thy ſails.
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land indeed,
Thou doſt o'ercount me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent), how you take
The offers we have ſent you.
Cæſ. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia: and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer,
Pom. Know then,

I came

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Puts me to ſome impatience.——Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When Cæſar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' th' eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Caſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, Lepidus; thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Caſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That I will, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, firſt or laſt, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard Apollodorus carried——
Æno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Æno. A certain Queen to Cæſar in a mattreſs.
Pom. *I know thee now;* how far'ſt thou, Soldier?
[*To Ænobarbus.*
Æno

Æno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Æno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Ænob. and Menas.*
Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.
You and I have known, Sir. [*To Ænob.*
Æno. At ſea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Æno. "You have done well by water.
Men. "And you by land.
Æno. "I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, tho' it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Æno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.
Men. And you by land.
Æno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, Menas, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.
Men. All mens' faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.
Æno. But there is ne'er a fair woman has a true face.
Men. No ſlander——they ſteal hearts.
Æno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Æno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.
Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
Æno. Cæſar's ſiſter is called Octavia.

Men.

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Æno. But now ſhe is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Æno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar and he for ever knit together.

Æno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Æno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Æno. Not he that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar, and as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is: he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Æno. I ſhall take it, Sir; we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley.*

Muſic plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition †, he cries out, *No more;* reconciles them to his intreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 Ser.

† *A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of touching one in a tare place.*

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great mens' fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ænobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile
By certain ſcale i' th' pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foiſon, follow. The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun; ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Æno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemy's pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves *with its own* organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth *it; and the elements* once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant.

Ant. Of its own colour too.
Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.
Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.
Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?
Ant. With the healths that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.
Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me, Riſe from thy ſtool.
Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be jolly, Lords.
Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus, Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.
Pom. How ſhall that be?
Men. But entertain it; And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey; I have kept me from the cup, Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors, Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable: And when we are put off, fall to their throats: All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done, And not have ſpoken on't. In me 'tis villany, In thee 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it; repent that e'er thy tongue Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown, I ſhould have *found it afterwards well done*; *But muſt condemn it now.* Deſiſt, and drink.

Men.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd † fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore, I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Æno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Ænobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Æno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.——— [*Pointing to Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Æno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Æno. Drink thou, increaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not an Alexandrian feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa.
Here is to Cæſar.

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
'Tis monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather
Faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Æno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now
Th' Ægyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Æno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic,
The while I'll place you; then the boy ſhall ſing:
The holding every man ſhall beat as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays. Ænobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The

† *i. e. dead*; a metaphor taken from funeral ſolemnities.

The SONG.

ne thou monarch of the vine,
mpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;
hy vats our cares be drown'd:
h thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
us till the world go round;
us till the world go round.

What would you more? Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part.
we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbus
er than the wind; and mine own tongue
hat it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
d us all. What needs more words? good night.
ntony, your hand.
I'll try you on the ſhore.
And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.
Oh, Antony, you have my father's houſe.
it! we're friends; come down into the boat.
Take heed you fall not, Menas.
I'll not on ſhore.
ny cabbin——theſe drums!
umpets, flutes! what!
tune hear, we bid a loud farewel
great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound
out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Hoo, ſays 'a! there's my cap.
Hoa!——Noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

A camp in a part of Syria.

ntidius, as after conqueſt; the dead body of Paborne before him; Silius, Roman Soldiers and lants.

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck; and now
Fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death

Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our hoſt; thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: ſpur through Media,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh Silius, Silius,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.
Cæſar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than perſon. Soſius,
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, Ventidius, that without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grant † ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens; with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there;—paſs along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

† *grant*, for *afford*.

SCENE II. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Agrippa at one door, Ænobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Æno. They have diſpatch'd with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæſar is ſad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.

Æno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cæſar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony?

Æno. Cæſar? why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony, the god of Jupiter?

Æno. Speak you of Cæſar? oh! the nonpareil!

Agr. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian bird!

Æno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar; go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Æno. But he loves Cæſar beſt, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæſar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder———

Agr. Both he loves.

Æno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle; ſo—
This is to horſe; adieu, Noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Caſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Sifter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt Noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

Æno. What, man?

Eros. Cæſar and Lepidus have made war upon Pompey.

Æno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivalty, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him; ſo the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Æno. Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more: and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
The rush that lies before him. Cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Æno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæſar; more, Domitius,
My Lord deſires you preſently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Æno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace in Rome.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa and Mecenas.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more,
In Alexandria; here's the manner of it:
I' th' market-place on a tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publicly inthron'd; at the feet, ſat
Cæſario, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of Ægypt, made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Abſolute Queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæſ. I' th' common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons were there proclaim'd the kings of kings;

Great

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: ſhe
In the habiliments of the goddeſs Iſis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. Cæſar; for that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone.
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with Attendants.

Oct. Hail, Cæſar, and my Lord! hail, moſt dear
Cæſar!

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee *caſt-away!*

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon us thus? you come
Like Cæſar's ſiſter. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt

Should

Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caeſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Caeſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in Athens.

Caeſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the King of Libya, Archelaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King
Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian King Adullas,
King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates King
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger liſt of ſceptres.

Oct. Ah me moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Caeſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noſes it againſt us.

Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?

Cæſ. It is moſt certain. Sifter, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter! [*Exe.*

SCENE VI. *Near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter Cleopatra and Ænobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Æno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Æno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not
we be there in perſon?

Æno. Well, I could reply: if we ſhould ſerve with
horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt;
the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Æno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink, Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Exeo

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Æno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut th' Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, ſweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.
Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?
Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Æno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey. But theſe offers
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.
Æno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſs'd by ſwift impreſs. In Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe that often have againſt Pompey fought;
Their ſhips are yare, your's heavy. No diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Æno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.
Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs!

Meſſ. The news is true, my Lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sol. Oh, Noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the Ægyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Æno.*

Sol. By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are womens' men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They ſay, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth
Each minute ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, with his army marching.

Cæſ. Taurus?
Taur. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle
Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcrowl: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over the ſtage; and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæſar, the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarum. Enter Ænobarbus.

Æno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Th' Antonias†, the Ægyptian Admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder.
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!
Æno. What's thy paſſion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Æno. How appears the fight?
Scar. "On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
"Where death is ſure. Yond ribauld nag of Ægypt,
"(Whom leproſy o'ertake!), i' th' midſt o' th' fight,
"When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
"Both

† *Which Plutarch ſays was the name of Cleopatra's ſhip.*

Both as the ſame, (or rather ours the elder),
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Æno. That I beheld.
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. "She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Æno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well.
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Æno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night,
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Æno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither;
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone,

I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd that bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraightway.
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do ſo; for Indeed I've loſt command,
Therefore I pray you——I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir!
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam——
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!
Eros. Sir, Sir.
Ant. "Yes, my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
"His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
"The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; and 'twas I
"That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now——no matter——
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but

Y

Your comfort makes the reſcue
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, Ægypt? ſee
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhouldſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhift of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.———
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exe.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Cæſar's camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know *you him?*
Dol. Cæſar, *'tis his* ſchoolmaſter;
An argument that he has pluck'd, when hither

He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for Meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From Ægypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambaſ.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: diſpatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra; promiſe; [*To Thyreus.*
And, in our name, when ſhe requires, add more
As thine invention offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Changes to Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, Ænobarbus?
Æno. Drink and die †.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Æno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip, at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambaſſador.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. Thy head, my Lord!
Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' th' command of Cæſar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,

And

† This reply of Ænobarbus ſeems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch: *That, after their defeat at Actium, they inſtituted a ſociety of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them; not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, excels, and riot, in which they had lived before.*

And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*
Æno. Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.——"I ſee mens' judgments are
" A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
" Do draw the inward quality after them,
" To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!——Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from Cæſar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women,—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.
Æno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare: [*Aſide.*
Though loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæſar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Æno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæſar has;
Or needs not us if Cæſar pleaſe. Our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: for, as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's Cæſar's.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, Cæſar intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.
Cleo. Go on;——right royal
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he

Doe

Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Æno. To be ſure of that,——
I will aſk Antony——Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky, [*Aſide.*
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit Æno.*
Thyr. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? He partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhroud, the univerſal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is *Thyreus.*
Cleo. Moſt kind Meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this: In deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of Ægypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
" Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
" If that the former dare but what it can,
" No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE X. *Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.*

Ant. Favours! by Jove that thunders——
[*Seeing Thyreus kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have *command obey'd.*
Æno. you will be whipp'd.

Ant.

Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite! now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, Hoa!
Like boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm Antony yet. Take hence this jack, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Æno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars?——
Whip him.——Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?),——whip him, fellows——
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony——
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blaſted ere I knew you: ha! [*To Cleo.*
Have I my pillow left unpreſs'd in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord,——
Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(Oh miſery on't!) the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this!
Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pick'd out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!——O that I were
Upon the hill of Baſan, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?
Ser. He did aſk favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou ſay
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't:
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my infranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:——
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——
Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!
Cleo. *Ah, dear, if I be ſo,*

From

From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next Cæſario ſmite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied.
Cæſar ſets down 'fore Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, Lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Ieo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when my hours
Were nice † and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight-bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought t' have held it poor: but ſince my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. *Exeunt.*

Æno. "Now he'll outſtare the lightning; to be furious,

"Is

* *nice*, for *delicate*, *courtly*, *flowing in peace*.

Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when Valour prevs on Reaſon,
eats the ſword it fights with: I will ſeek
ome way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's camp.

ter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their army. Cæſar reading a letter.

ef. HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
o beat me out of Ægypt. My meſſenger
e hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
æſar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
e hath many other ways to die: mean time
at his challenge laugh.
Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
hen one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
ren to falling. Give him no breath, but now
ake boot of his diſtraction: never anger
ade good guard for itſelf.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
now that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
'e mean to fight. Within our files there are
f thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late,
nough to fetch him in. See it be done;
nd feaſt the army; we have ſtore to do't,
nd they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The palace in Alexandria.*

later Antony, and Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Æno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Æno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
he's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Æno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "Take all."
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well
And Kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Æno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd traits, which ſorrow ſho
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Æno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty;
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,——
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Æno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
How the witch take † me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A court of guard before the palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way. Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour; good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſic of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſic i' th' air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
It ſigns well, does it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay: what ſhould this mean!
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

† *i. e. blaſt, bewitch.*

2 *Sold.* How now, Maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, Maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine armour, Eros.
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: Eros, come, mine armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony.
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair: good morrow, General!
All. Good morrow, General!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way—well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly: that he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony,—but now,—well on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a camp.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once pre-
To make me fight at land! [vail'd
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for Ænobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp,
Say, "I am none of thine."
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! diſpatch, my Eros. [*Exeun*

SCENE V. *Changes to Cæſar's camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, with Ænobarbus, and Dolabella

Cæſ. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near;
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Mark Antony is come into the field.
Cæſ. Go, charge, Agrippa;
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeun*
Æno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jew'ry on
Affairs of Antony; there did perſuade
Great Herod to incline himſelf to Cæſar,
And leave his maſter Antony. For this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: Canidius, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sol. Ænobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with

His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Æno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Ænobarbus,
I tell you true; beſt you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit.*

Æno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——No, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Before the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion †
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar.

† *oppreſſion*, for *oppoſition*.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee,
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus, with others.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our geſts; to-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd my cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Hectors.
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand.
[*To Scarus.*

Enter Cleopatra.

" To this great faiery † I'll commend thy acts,
" Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o' th' world,
" Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
" Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
" Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
" The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiſs it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day,
" As if a god in hate of mankind had

" Deſtroyed

† *faiery*, for *inchantreſs*; in which ſenſe the word is often uſed in the old romances.

Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.——Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Ceſar's camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his company. Ænobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' court of guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i' th' morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Æno. O bear me witneſs, night!
2 *Watch.* What man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Æno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Ænobarbus did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Ænobarbus?
3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.
Æno. "Oh ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
"The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
"That life, a very rebel to my will,
"May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. Oh Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;

Bear

But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Antony! oh Antony! [*Dies.*
1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.
2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.
Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1 *Watch.* Go we to him.
2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.
1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?
Cent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely * wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.
2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Between the two camps.*

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour †. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ceſar and his army.

Caſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*
Enter

* *demurely*, for *ſolemnly*.
† *i. e.* where we may beſt diſcover their numbers, and ſee their motions.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

t. Yet they are not join'd:
re yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all;
ring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
ar. Swallows have built
leopatra's ſails their neſts. The augurs
they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
liant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
'hat he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

CENE IX. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Antony.

t. All's loſt! this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
leet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
ſold me to this novice, and my heart
es only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
ve done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
n, ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
ortune and Antony part here, even here
o, we ſhake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
hat pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
eir wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
n bloſſoming Cæſar: and this pine is bark'd,
t overtopt them all. Betray'd I am.
this falſe ſoul of Ægypt! this gay charm,
oſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
oſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
a right gypſy, hath at faſt and looſe
uil'd me to the very heart of loſs †.
at, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

! thou ſpell! avant.———

Cleo.

† *to the very centre*; alluding to the term of the heart of

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his love?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plow thy viſage up
With her prepared nails †. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
[*Exit Cleopatra.*
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa!
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor; thy rage
Led thee lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue thy worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. Eros, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo imboſs'd.
Char. To th' monument,
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead.
" The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
" Than greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony!*
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Re-enter Antony and Eros.*

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.
Eros. Ay, Noble Lord.
Ant. ' Sometime we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;

† *i. e. with* nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe

'A vapour, ſometime like a bear, or lion,
'A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
'A forked mountain, or blue promontory
'With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
'And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
'They are black veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. 'That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
'The rack diſſolves, and makes it indiſtinct
'As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm Antony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Ægypt; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, Antony!
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. 'Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
'And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
'Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
'Was, *Antony! Moſt Noble Antony!*
'Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
'The name of Antony; it was divided
'Between her heart and lips; ſhe render'd life,
'Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros, the long day's task is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off;——
The ſevenfold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, Eros, apace.
No more a ſoldier——bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne;—from me a while—
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince thy torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force intangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—Eros!—ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her Sichæus † ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros.

Eros What would my Lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd

† *Æneas* is in all the old editions; but is rightly altered in ſome of the latter to *Sichæus*: for Dido's fondneſs did not reach to the other world: ſhe then deſpiſed *Æneas*, and return'd to her old affection for Sichæus.

Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum; conjunx ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.

This compariſon of Antony to Sichæus is remarkably appoſite. Sichæus was murdered by his brother Pygmalion for his wealth, on which his wife Dido fled into Africa: ſo Antony was fought with and defeated at Actium by his brother Octavius, for his ſhare of the dominion of the world; whereon Cleopatra fled from the victor's rage into Ægypt.

Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back,
With ships, made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,
"I'm conqueror of myſelf." Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Would'ſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſworſt thou not
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once, [then
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.—— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear maſter,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man,—and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there, then— [*Eros kills himſelf.*
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant Eros, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not: my Queen and Eros
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learn'd of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard——ho!——oh, diſpatch me.

SCENE XI. *Enter Dercetas, and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends.
O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fall'n.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with theſe tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? draw thy ſword, and
Sufficing ſtrokes for death. [give me

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio.

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
ſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs. For when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with Cæſar; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed; call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard,
Come, your Lord calls. [What, hoa!

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to a magnificent monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other ſide your monument,

His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou ſun,
Turn from th' great ſphere thou mov'ſt in——darkling
The varying ſhore o' th' world! O Antony! [ſtand
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony hath triumph'd on himſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but, woe, 'tis ſo!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not),
Left I be taken. Not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me: if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe;
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,
Help me, my women; we muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs, [Lord!
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw up Antony to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome. Die where thou haſt liv'd;
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety—you—
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius,
Cleo. My reſolution and my hands I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' th' world,
The nobleſt once: and do not now baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman: A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more——— [*Antony dies.*
Cleo. Nobleſt of men!——woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſty? O ſee, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt——my Lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady!
Iras. She's dead too, our ſovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam———
Iras. Royal Ægypt! Empreſs!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. "No more but a mere woman, and commanded
"By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
"And does the meaneſt chares!——It were for me
"To throw my ſceptre at th' injurious gods;
"To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
"Till they had ſtoln our jewel. All's but naught:

"Patience

" Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
" Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
" To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
" Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
" What, what, good cheer! why, how now, Charmian?
" My noble girls?—ah, women, women! look,
" Our lamp is ſpent, 'tis out——good Sirs, take heart.
" We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
" Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
" And make death proud to take us: Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's camp.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Proculeius, Gallus, and train.

Cæſ. GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Enter Dercetas, with the ſword of Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar: if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh Cæſar, Antony is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens

Into

Into their dens——The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæſar,
Not by a public miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends:——
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings!
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſifted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look'd on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.——
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him.
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my miſ-
Confin'd in all ſhe has, (her monument), [treſs,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the gods preſerve thee. [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along;—where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleuc above.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a ſound repoſe]*,
(Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dug),
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Enter Proculeius

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel for to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror that will pray in aid † for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here Gallus, and guard, aſcend the monument by a ladder, and enter at a back window.*

Gall.

* This line is inſerted by Mr Warburton, to ſupply a line loſt.

† *Praying in aid*, is a law-term, uſed for a petition made in a *court of juſtice, for the calling in* of help from another that hath an *intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion.*

Gall. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd.
Pro. Guard her till Cæſar come.
Iras. O Royal Queen!
Char. Oh, Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.——
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

The monument is open'd; Proculeius ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come; oh, come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.
Pro. Oh, temperance, Lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle time will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do Cæſar what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cens'ring Rome? rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's higheſt pyramid my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

SCENE III. *Enter Dolabella.*

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
And he hath ſent for thee. As for the Queen,

I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her.
To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe, [*To Cleo.*
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exe. Proculeius and Gallus.*
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emp'ror Antony:
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye——
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o' th' earth.
Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature!——
Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd their back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra——
Cleo. Think you there was or might be ſuch a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods;
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
'Tis paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with Fancy; yet t' imagine
An Antony, were Nature's prize 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake purſu'd Succeſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you what Cæſar means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there,——Cæſar.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ceſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of Ægypt?
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe, riſe, Ægypt.
Cleo Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,
I cannot proſter mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle), you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf

Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.——
Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis your's; and we,
Your ſcutcheons and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſs'd of——'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted——Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæſar! Oh, behold
How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be your's,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, your's would be mine.
'Tis' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave! of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd——What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet *modern friends* withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? The gods!—it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;——
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.

Caſ. Forbear, Seleucus.

Cleo. Be't known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do. And when we fall,
We anſwer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Caſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i' th' roll of conqueſt, ſtill be't your's;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo adieu.

Cleo. My maſter and my Lord!

Caſ. Not ſo:—adieu. [*Exeunt Cæſar and his train.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to myſelf.
But hark thee, Charmian. [*Whiſpers Charmian.*

Iras. Finiſh, good Lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.——
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.

Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit Charm.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,

While

Vhich my love makes religion to obey,
tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
ntends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou,
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn [thou?
In Rome as well as I: mechanic ſlaves,
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be inclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth; and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy † my greatneſs
I' th' poſture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee it; for I'm ſure my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents. Now, Charmian;

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go——
Now, Noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed;
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave

† *Heretofore the parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys.*

To play till doomſday—bring our crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed!——he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clown with a baſket.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. 'Truly I have him: but I would not be the
'party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is
'immortal: thoſe that do die of it, do ſeldom or never
'recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. 'Very many, men and women too. I heard
'of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt
'woman; but ſomething given to lye, as a woman
'ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe
'dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe
'makes a very good report o' th' worm: but he that
'will believe half that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by
'all that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the worm's
'an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. 'I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. 'You muſt think this, look you, that the worm
'will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. 'Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but
'in the keeping of wiſe people; for indeed there is no
'goodneſs in the worm.

Cl

eo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.
own. 'Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for
s not worth the feeding.
eo. Will it eat me?
own. 'You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I
ow the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know,
t a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her
. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the
ls great harm in their women! for, in every ten that
y make, the devils mar five.
eo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.
o. 'Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

eo. "Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
mmortal longings in me. Now no more
ne juice of Ægypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
ire, yare, good Iras; quick——Methinks I hear
ntony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
o praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
ne luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
ow to that name my courage prove my title!
am fire and air; my other elements
give to baſer life. So——have you done?
me then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips,
rewel, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewel.
[*Kiſſing them.*
ave I the aſpect in my lips? Doſt fall?
[*To Iras, after ſhe had applied the aſp.*
thou and nature can ſo gently part,
ne ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
hich hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*
ar. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
gods themſelves do weep.
eo. This proves me baſe——
e firſt meet the curled Antony,
l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
ch is my heav'n to have. "Come, mortal wretch,
ith *thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate* †
[*To the ſerpent, applying it to her breaſt.*
"Of

† *intrinſicate, i. e. intricate,* intangled, or tied in hard knots.

" Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
" Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, could'ſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar aſs,
Unpoliciéd?
Char. O eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. ' Peace, peace!
' Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt
' That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,
O Antony!——Nay, I will take thee too.
[*Applying another aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay—— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? ſo fare thee well.
Now, boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallell'd—Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?
Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæſar hath ſent——
[*Charmian applies the aſp.*
Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
Oh, come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. Cæſar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar; call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here, Charmian? is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!—— [*Charmian dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here!
2 *Guard.* All dead!
Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter

Enter Cæſar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Cæſar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple country-man, that brought her figs.
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then?

1 *Guard.* Oh Cæſar!
This Charmian liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpic's trail;
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpic leaves upon the caves of Nile.

Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She has purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She ſhall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And *then to Rome.* Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CYMBELINE. A Tragedy †.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
Cloten, *ſon to the Queen by a former husband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, Arviragus, *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paiduur *and* Cadwal, *ſuppoſed ſons to Belarius.*
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an Italian, friend to Poſthumus.*
Iachimo, *friend to Philario.*
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from Rome.*
Piſanio, *ſervant to Poſthumus.*
A French *Gentleman, friend to Philario.*
Cornelius, *a Doctor, ſervant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.
Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
Helen, *woman to Imogen.*
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, ſometimes in Britain, ſometimes in Italy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our brows
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers,
But ſeem, as does the King's.
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, (whom

† *The ſtory* is partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, day 2. *Nov. 9. little beſides* the name being hiſtorical.

He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded;———
Her huſband baniſh'd; ſhe imprifon'd: all
Is outward ſorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 *Gent.* None but the King?
1 *Gent.* He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queen
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.
2 *Gent.* And why ſo?
1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore baniſh'd), is a creature ſuch,
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.
2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him far †.
1 *Gent.* I don't extend him, Sir; within himſelf
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure fully.
2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?
1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus:*
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion
Two other ſons, who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: for which their father
(Then old, and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes the babe

To

† *i. e. largely in his praiſe.*

To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in court.
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. For his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd), her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, if this be worth your hearing
(Mark it); the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtoln; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them!———

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtepmothers,
I'll ey'd unto you: you're my priſ'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys

That

hat lock up your reſtraint. For you, Poſthumus,
o ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
will be known your advocate: marry, yet
he fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
ou lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
our wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
he pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Iath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds! My deareſt Huſband,
ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Poſt. My Queen! my miſtreſs!
O Lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt huſband that did e'er plight troth;
My reſidence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my Queen;
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure—Yet I'll move him [*Aſide.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathneſs to depart would grow.——Adieu!

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little———
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Poſt. How, how, another!
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her*
Upon this faireſt pris'ner.
Imo. O, the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III. *Enter Cymbeline and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!———
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid; hence, from my ſi
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.
Poſt. The gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [*E*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt

* *i. e.* more ſtrong, forcible; alluding to the ſtroke of

Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.

Imo. O, bleſs'd, that I might not! I choſe an eagle, And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne A ſeat for baſeneſs.

Imo. No, I rather added A luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have lov'd Poſthumus: You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is A man worthy any woman; over-buys me Almoſt the ſum he pays.

Cym. What!——art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt, Sir; Heav'n reſtore me! 'Would I were A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!——— They were again together; you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech you patience; peace, Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign, Leave us t' ourſelves, and make yourſelf ſome comfort Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged, Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way. Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?

Pi. My Lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I truſt, is done?

Pi. There might have been, But *my maſter rather* play'd than fought, And *had no help of anger*: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!——
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
From this time leave me.——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Cloten and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it——— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, 'faith; not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſe, if he be not hurt. It is a thoroughfare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, towards your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 Lord

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!———

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good ſhine, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo, unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Imogen's apartment.*

Enter Imogen and Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' th' haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

Piſ. 'Twas, *his Queen! his Queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Piſ. No, Madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,

How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd
‘ To look upon him; till the diminution
‘ Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
‘ Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
‘ The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
‘ Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Piſanio,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
“ Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
“ How I would think on him, at certain hours,
“ Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
“ The ſhe's of Italy ſhould not betray
“ Mine intereſt and his honour; or have charg'd him,
“ At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
“ T' encounter me with oriſons; (for then
“ I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
“ Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
“ Betwixt two charming words †, comes in my father;
“ And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
“ Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have ſeen him in Britain; he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he has been allowed the name of. But

† Theſe words may be, Adieu, Poſthumus.

I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *items*.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in France; we had very many there could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment———

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him: be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but

but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitriment of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country-miſtreſſes: this Gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd, as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of your's out-luſters many I have beheld, I could believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken. The one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you.———

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's; but, you know,

know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtolen too; ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to convince † the honour of my miſtreſs. If in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.——

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſuaſion; and I doubt not you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A repulſe: though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Your's; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, *commend me to the court where your lady is, with*

N 2

† *convince, for overcome.*

no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But I ſee you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are mine; ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are your's; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only thus far you ſhall anſwer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt Poſthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em.

SCENE VII. *Changes to Cymbeline's palace in Britain.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a phial.

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe
Make haſte.——Who has the note of them? [flowers.
1 *Lady*, I, Madam.
Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, Maſter Doctor, you have brought thoſe drugs?
Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are, Ma-
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence, [dam,
(My conſcience bids me aſk), wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly.
Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues and effects.
Cor. Your Highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noiſome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal: upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
An enemy to my ſon. How now, Piſanio?
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;

Take

Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam. [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. [*To Piſanio.*

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. That ſhe has
Will ſtupify and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher: but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time,
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter: greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friend,
So much as but to prop him?——Thou tak'ſt up
[*Piſanio looking on the phial.*
Thou know'ſt not what: but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't as from thyſelf.

Think

ɛ what a chahge thou chanceſt on; but think,—
haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon;
ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
ıy ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
ıou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
ıad thy merit richly. Call my women——
[*Exit Piſanio.*
k on my words.—A ſly and conſtant knave,
:o be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
remembrancer of her, to hold
hand faſt to her Lord.——I've given him that,
:h, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
idgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
pt ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
ıſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

ɔ: well done, well done;
violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
to my cloſet; fare thee well, Piſanio,
k on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
ſ. And ſhall do:
when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
hoke myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

CENE VIII. *Changes to Imogen's apartments.*

Enter Imogen alone.

:o. A father cruel, and a ſtepdame falſe,
ɔliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
hath her huſband baniſh'd——O, that huſband!
'upreme crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
tions of it.——Had I been thief-ſtoln,
ıy two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
e deſire that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
ch ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome
s from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*Aſide.*
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen Reads.

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trueſt

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon th' humbled beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul.
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other): nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,

That,

That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running); ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage———
Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?
Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beſeech you, Sir,
[*To Piſanio.*
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange and peeviſh.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit Piſanio.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The Britan reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your Lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries,
Oh!———
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter. It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him
Might *be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf* 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;

Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me
Deſerves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I' th' dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your———but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or ere paſt remedies, or timely known,
The remedy's then born), diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe very touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: ſhould I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſehood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. Oh dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd if this be true?
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse); if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it:——
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!——

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!——
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound

His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, Piſanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may ſay;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! bleſſed live you long,
A lady to the worthieſt Sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he inchants ſocieties into him:
Half all mens' hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mong men like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for
your's.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a ſmall requeſt;
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myſelf and other noble friends
Art partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing), have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,

To

To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I croſs'd the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. O I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whoreſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord. If his wit* had been like his that broke it, it *would have run all* out. [*Aſide.*

Clot.

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpos'd to ſweat, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Whoreſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? 'would he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool. [*Aſide.*

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mother; every jack-ſlave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordſhip only.

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus's friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian; what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip. [*Exit Clot.*

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,

Should

Should yield the world this aſs!——a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.———Alas, poor Princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtepdame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent bed-chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam———
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me———ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our Tarquin thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs——rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!——'tis her breathing that

Perfumes

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct——But my deſign's
To note the chamber——I will write all down,
Such and ſuch pictures——there, the window,——ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed——the arras, figures——
Why, ſuch, and ſuch——and the contents o' th' ſtory——
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t' enrich mine inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry, as the Gordian knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more——to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomele gave up——I have enough.——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye †: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE

† The raven's eye is remarkably large and grey.

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the palace facing Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; you are moſt hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooliſh Imogen, I ſhould have gold enough. 'Tis almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this muſic would come! I am adviſ'd to give her muſic o' mornings; they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies †:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin:
My Lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſic the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears,

† *i. e.* the morning-ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

ears, which horſe-hairs and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your Majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with muſic, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's your's.

Queen. You are moſt bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſolicits, and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon; make denials
Increaſe your ſervices; ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. So like you, Sir, Ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf, his goodneſs fore-ſpent on us †,
We muſt extend our notice.——Our dear ſon,
When you have giv'n good morning to your miſtreſs,

Attend

† *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Attend the Queen and us; we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lie ſtill, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her——what,
If I do line one of their hands!——'tis gold
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth), yea makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o' th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave.——— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as your's,
Can juſtly boaſt of. What's your Lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon; is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you, ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? the Princeſs———

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, faireſt: ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:

If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me——'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe myſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.

Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o' th' court), it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in ſelf-finger'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o' th' crown; and muſt not ſoil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
A pantler; not ſo eminent.——

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtyl'd

The

The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever had but clipp'd his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, Piſanio?

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——
Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee preſently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me,
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any King in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſs aught but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go, and ſearch. [*Exit Piſanio.*
Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meaneſt garment?——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd.——
His meaneſt garment?—well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Poſthumus, and Philario.

Poſt. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour

Will remain her's.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Auguſtus; Caius Lucius
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute: ſend th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be),
That this ſhall prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers *, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phil. See, Iachimo.———

Poſt. Sure, the ſwift harts hath poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

* *i. e.* to thoſe who try them.

Poſt. Their tenor good, I truſt.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Poſt. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.
Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is your's. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber——

(Where I confeſs I ſlept not; but profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
" Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
" And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride.——A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was———

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſte Dian, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Has as another Nature done; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: th' andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Poſt. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; ſee!——
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Poſt. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that

Which

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm; I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did outſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.

Poſt. May be ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.

Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?

Poſt. O, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!———

Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtoln it from her.

Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't:—back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true——nay, keep the ring——'tis true; I'm ſure
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable: they induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!——no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cogniſance of her incontinency
Is this; ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly,
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of.———

Poſt. Never talk on't;
She *hath been colted by* him.

Iach. *If you ſeek*

For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life
I kiſs'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poſt. Spare your arithmetic:
Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn———

Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lye.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' court, before
Her father———I'll do ſomething——— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Poſthumus.*

Poſt. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women
'Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all:
'And that moſt venerable man, which I
'Did call my father, was I know not where,
'When I was ſtamp. Some coiner with his tools
'Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
'The Dian of that time; ſo doth my wife
'The nonpareil of this——Oh vengeance, vengeance!
'Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
'And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
'A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
'Might well have warm'd old Saturn——that I thought her
'As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the devils!

'This

'This yellow Iachimo in an hour——was't not?——
'Or leſs: at firſt? perchance he ſpoke not, but
'Like a full-acorn'd boar, a churning on,
'Cry'd, Oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
'From what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
'Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
'The woman's part in me——for there's no motion
'That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
'It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
'The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
'Luſt, and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges, her's;
'Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
'Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability;
'All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
'Why, her's, in part, or all; but rather all.——For even to vice
'They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
'One vice, but of a minute old, for one
'Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
'Deteſt them, curſe them——yet 'tis greater ſkill,
'In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
'The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter, in ſtate, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords; at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. NOW ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæſar (whoſe remembrance yet
lives in mens' eyes, and will to ears and tongues
be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
and conquer'd it, Caſſibelan, thine uncle,
Famous in Cæſar's praiſes, no whit leſs
than in his feats deſerving it), for him,
and his ſucceſſion, granted Rome a tribute,
yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
is left untender'd.

Queen.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many Cæſars,
Ere ſuch another Julius: Britain is
A world by 'tſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your anceſtors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your iſle, which ſtands,
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping
(Poor ignorant * baubles) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhell mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point
(Oh, giglet Fortune!) to maſter Cæſar's ſword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch Cæſars; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but, to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Caſſibelan; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.——Why, tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæſar's ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The

† *ignorant, for of no uſe.*

The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Ourſelves to be) to do. Say then to Cæſar,
Our anceſtor was that Mulmutius, who
Ordain'd our laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of Cæſar
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: that Mulmutius,
Who was the firſt of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Auguſtus Cæſar
(Cæſar, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and confuſion
In Cæſar's name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius;
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance †. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would ſhew the Britons cold:
So Cæſar ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is your's: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.——

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

† *i. e.* at extreme diſtance.

SCENE II. *Enter Piſanio, reading a letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
What monſters have accus'd her? Leonatus!
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe Italian
(As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing!——Diſloyal? no;
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. "Oh, my maſter!
"Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were
"Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable——How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter,*
[*Reading.*
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity——Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdary for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, Piſanio?
Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.
Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord Leonatus:
Oh, learn'd indeed were that aſtrologer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open.——You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content:——yet not,
That we too are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth phyſic love;——of his content,
In all but that.—Good wax, thy leave.——Bleſs'd be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.

Though

ough forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
u claſp young Cupid's tables: good news, gods!

Reading.

ſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould be take me in his inion, could not be ſo cruel to me, but you, oh the dear- of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take ice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-haven; what r own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So he ſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and r's increaſing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, Piſanio?
He is at Milford-haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true Piſanio,
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt,
(Oh, let me 'bate), but not like me; yet long'ſt—
But in a fainter kind———oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
ove's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
o th' ſmoth'ring of the ſenſe—" How far it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford: and, by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t' excuſe: but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
adam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Iuo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow. I've heard of riding wagers,
here horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
hat run i' th' clocks behalf. But this is fool'ry.
o, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
ıe'll home t' her father: and provide me, preſent,
riding ſuit; *no coſtlier than would fit*
Franklin's houſewife.

Pif. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, that have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a foreſt with a cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. 'A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
'Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
'Inſtructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
'To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
'Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through,
'And keep their impious turbands on, without
'Good morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
'We houſe i' th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
'As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. 'Now for our mountain-ſport, up to yond hill,
'Your legs are young. I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
'When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
'That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
'And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
'Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
'That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
'But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
'Draws us a profit from all things we ſee;
'And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
'The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
'Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
'Is nobler than attending for a check;
'Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
'Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk.
'Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
'Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.

Guid. 'Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
'Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know

'What

'What air's from home. Haply this life is beſt,
'If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
'That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
'With your ſtiff age: but unto us, it is
'A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
'A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
'To ſtride a limit.

Arv. 'What ſhould we ſpeak of,
'When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
'The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
'In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
'The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
'We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
'Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
'Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
'We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
'And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. 'How you ſpeak!
'Did you but know the city's uſuries,
'And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
'As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
'Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
'The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
'A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
'I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th' ſearch,
'And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
'As record of fair act; nay, many time,
'Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
'Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure.—" Oh, boys, this ſtory
" The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
" With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
" Firſt with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
" And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
" Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
" Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
" A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
" And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Upon my perfect honour) ſwore to Cymbeline,

I was confed'rate with the Romans: ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.——But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine, tho' trained up thus meanly
I' th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick † of others. This Paladour,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*), Jove!—
" When on my three-foot-ſtool I ſit, and tell
" The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
" Into my ſtory: ſay, thus mine enemy fell,
" And thus I ſet my foot on's neck—even then
" The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
" Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
" That acts my words—The younger brother Cadwall,
(Once Arviragus), in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rous'd—
Oh Cymbeline! heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave;
Myſelf Belarius, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

† *trick*, for *cuſtom, habit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Piſanio and Imogen.*

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now—Piſanio,
Where is Poſthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh thy ſtaider ſenſes.—What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender; if't be ſummer-news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My huſband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath outcraftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pif. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy miſtreſs, Piſanio, hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Piſanio, muſt act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her's, let thine own hands take away her life. I ſhall give thee opportunity at Milford-haven. She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.

Pif. 'What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
'Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis ſlander;
'Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
'Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
'Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
'All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
'Maids,

'Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
'This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. 'Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
'To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
'To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge natur
'To break it with a fearful dream of him,
'And cry myſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!
Piſ. Alas, good Lady!
Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, Iachimo,——
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy
(Whoſe meether was her painting) hath betray'd him
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by-th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens' vows are womens' traitors.—All good ſeeming
By thy revolt, oh huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.
Piſ. Madam, hear me———
Imo. 'True honeſt men being heard, like falſe-Æneas,
'Were in his time thought falſe: and Sinon's weeping
'Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
'From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, Poſthumus,
'Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men;
'Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
'From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding; when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter

There

There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand †: come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore't)—ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to hereſy? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, Poſthumus,
That ſet my diſobedience 'gainſt the King,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhall hereafter find,
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Piſ. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee.

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,

Hear

† *i. e.* makes me a coward.

Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak,
I've heard I am a ſtrumpet, and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' court.

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muſt you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines? day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of Britain.

Piſ. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' ambaſſador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien

Dark

Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That, which, t' appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould treat a courſe
Pretty and full of view †; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of Poſthumus; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't
I would adventure.

Piſ. Well then, here's the point.
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf) to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder hap!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief.
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Piſ. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. 'Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you're happy: (which will make him ſo,
If that his head have ear in muſic), doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort

The

† i.e. likely to prove ſucceſsful.

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but well even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pif. well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper——To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace of Cymbeline.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our ſubjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear unking-like.
Luc. So, Sir. I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-haven.
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewel, Noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords,
Till he have croſs'd the Severn. Happineſs!
[*Exit Lucius, &c.*
Queen.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia,
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*
Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Poſthumus, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forebear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Ser. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.
Queen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not

Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.

Clot. That man of her's, Piſanio, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after——— [*To the Servant.*
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for Poſthumus!——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd Poſthumus: gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the Britiſh crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?

Clot. 'Tis certain ſhe is fled;
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love and hate her;—for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady ladies †; winning from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Outſells them all: I love her therefore.———But,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Poſthumus, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall———

SCENE VI. *Enter Piſanio.*

Who is here! what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or elſe
Thou'rt

† *lady* is a plural verb, and *ladies* a noun governed by it.

: ſtraightway with the fiends.
[*Drawing his ſword.*
Oh, my good Lord!
Where is thy Lady? or, by Jupiter,
ot aſk again. Cloſe villain,
: this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
art to find it. Is ſhe with Poſthumus?
hoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
of worth be drawn,
Alas, my Lord,
n ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?
Rome,
Where is ſhe, Sir? come nearer;
ner halting; ſatisfy me home
; become of her.
Oh, my all-worthy Lord!
All-worthy villain!
r where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
next word; no more of *worthy Lord.*
or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
ndemnation and thy death.
Then, Sir,
per is the hiſtory of my knowledge
ng her flight.
Let's ſee't; I will purſue her.
Auguſtus' throne.
Or this, or periſh.
ır enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aſide.*
ve his travel, not her danger.
Humh.
I'll write to my Lord ſhe's dead. Oh, }
Imogen, } *Aſide.*
ıy'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again!
Sirrah, is this letter true?
Sir, as I think.
It is Poſthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
ould'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice;
thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have
uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry; that is, what
ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
would think thee an honeſt man; thou ſhould'ſt

neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for they preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Poſthumus, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pif. I have, my Lord, at my lodging the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my Lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Pif. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-haven?——(I forgot to aſk him one thing, I'll remember't anon), even there, thou villain Poſthumus, will I kill thee. I would theſe garments were come! She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart), that ſhe held the very garment of Poſthumus in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes——(there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt). He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body;——and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd), to the court I'll kick her back, ſoot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. Be thoſe

Enter Piſanio, with a ſuit of cloaths.

the garments?

Pif. Ay, my Noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-haven?

Pif. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true perferment ſhall tender itſelf

to

to thee. My revenge is now at Milford, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pif. Thou bidſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe; which I will never be
To her that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly bleſſings, on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſs'd with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the foreſt and cave.*

Enter Imogen in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I ſee a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. "I ſhould be ſick,
"But that my reſolution helps me. Milford,
"When from the mountain-top Piſanio ſhew'd thee,
"Thou waſt within a ken.——O Jove, I think
"Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
"Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
"I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lye,
"That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
"A puniſhment or trial? yes; no wonder,
"When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs,
"Is ſorer than to lye for need; and falſehood
"Is worſe in Kings than beggars. My dear Lord!
"Thou'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
"My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the cave.*
Here is a path to't———'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant,
"Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardneſs ever
"Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil *, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take 'or't end †—ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the cave.*

* *civil*, for *human creature.*
† *i. e.* take *my life* ere famine end it.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſters of the feaſt; Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty Sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!
Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.
Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what we've kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in——— [*Looking in.*
" But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
" It were a Fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. " Good maſters, harm me not;
" Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
" T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
" I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
" Gold ſtrew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
" I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
" As I had made my meal; and parted thence
" With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth?
Arv. " All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
" As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
" Who worſhip dirty gods.
Imo. " I ſee you're angry:
" Know, if you kill me for my fault I ſhould
" Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel.

What's your name?
Fidele, Sir; I have a kinſman who
l for Italy: he imbarks at Milford;
n being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
n in this offence.
Pr'ythee, fair youth,
is no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
oſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
d him welcome.
Were you a woman, youth,
woo'd hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
for you as I would buy.
I'll make't my comfort,
man: I'll love him as my brother;
h a welcome as I'd give to him,
g abſence, ſuch is your's. Moſt welcome!
rtily, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
'Mongſt friends,
ers.—Would it had been ſo, that they
n my father's ſons! then had my price } *Aſide.*
s, and ſo more equal balancing
, Poſthumus.
He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
'Would I could free't!
Or I, whate'er it be,
ain it coſt, what danger, gods!
Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Great men,
d a court no bigger than this cave,
d attend themſelves, and had the virtue
their own conſcience ſeal'd them, laying by
thing gift of defering multitudes,
ot outpeer theſe twain.—Pardon me, gods!
ge my ſex to be companion with them,
conatus is falſe.
It ſhall be ſo:
e'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
ſe is heavy faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
anderly demand thee of thy ſtory,
thou wilt ſpeak.

Guid. I pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less welcome!
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near †. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The foreſt in Wales.

Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if Piſano have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (ſaving reverence of the world), becauſe 'tis ſaid a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber); I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes,

† ———draw near.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Proconſul; and to you, the Tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live Cæſar!
Tri. Is Lucius Gen'ral of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant. The words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT, &c.

fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this ill perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs inforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, I'll ſpurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the front of the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the cave.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs *!
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health——ſo pleaſe you, Sir.

Imo. Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lyes I've heard!
Our courties ſay, all's ſavage but at court †:
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——Piſanio,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*

Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field;
We'll leave you for this time; go in and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen to the cave.*

Bel. And ſhall be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.

Arvi.

* ——— breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not, &c.

† ——— but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report,——
Th' impe[redacted]ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers, as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill, &c.

v. How angel-like he ſings!
id. But his neat cookery!
v. He cut our roots in characters;
auc'd our broth, as Juno had been ſick,
ıe her dieter.
v. Nobly he yokes
lling with a ſigh †.
id. I do note,
grief and patience, rooted in him both,
e their ſpurs together.
v. Grow, Patience!
et the ſtinking elder, Grief, untwine
eriſhing root from the increaſing vine!
. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

SCENE III. *Enter Cloten.*

t. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
mock'd me.——I am faint.
. Thoſe runagates!
he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
ı, the ſon o' th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh——
him not theſe many years, and yet
v 'tis he: we're held as outlaws; hence.
d. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
companies are near: pray you, away:
e alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
. Soft! what are you,
ly me thus? ſome villain mountaineer.——
eard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
d. A thing
ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
e without a knock.
. Thou art a robber,
-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
d. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
n as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy

——a ſigh, as if the ſigh
ıt it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
lle mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
divine a temple, to commix
inds that ſailors rail at.
I do note, &c.

Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee.
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loath to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' Queen.
Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. 'Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
'At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death!———
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town ſet your heads.
Yield, ruſtic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell; long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his; I'm abſolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv.

Arv. In this place we left them;
wiſh my brother make good time with him,
ou ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
)f daring terrors; for defect of judgment
s oft the cure of fear. But ſee thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where thanks to th' gods, they grow,
And ſet them on Lud's town.
Bel. We're all undone!
Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him), might break out, and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in: yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,

Nor

Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the gods foreſay 't; howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon Cloten.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Paladour, thou hadſt not done't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! Paladour,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed. I would revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll ſtay
Till haſty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a mariſh of ſuch Clotens' blood,
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
'In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
'As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
'Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough
'(Their royal blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt wind,
'That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
'And make him ſtoop to th' vale.——'Tis wonderful,
'That

That an inviſible * inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill 'tis ſtrange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
have ſent Cloten's clot-pole down the ſtream,
in embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
for his return. [*Solemn muſic.*
Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, Paladour! it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? hark!
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter †!

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Guid. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,

* *inviſible*, for *blind*.
† ———The matter!——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwall mad?

SCENE, &c.

' As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. ' O Melancholy!
' Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
' The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack
' Might eas'lieſt harbour in?——Thou bleſſed thing!
' Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made; but
' Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy! [ab
' How found you him?
Arv. ' Stark, as you ſee:
' Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber!
' Not as Death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
' Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. ' Where?
Arv. ' O' th' floor;
' His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he ſlept; and put
' My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
' Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. " Why, he but ſleeps;
" If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
" With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
" And worms will not come near him.
Arv. " With faireſt flow'rs,
" Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
" I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
" The flow'r that's like thy face, pale Primroſe; nor
" The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
" The leaf of Eglantine, which, not to ſlander,
" Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,
" With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
" Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
" Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
" Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
" To winter-gown thy corſe.———
Guid. Pr'ythee have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.——To th' grave.
Arv. Say where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, Paladour, though now our voices

Have

Have got the mannish crack, ſing him to th' ground,
As once our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.
Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lye.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet Reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt. Brother, begin. [*Exit Bel.*
Guid. Nay, Cadwall, we muſt lay his head to th' eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *'Fear no more the heat o' th' ſun,*
'Nor the furious winter's rages;
'Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
'Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *'Fear no more the frown o' th' great,*
'Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
'Care no more to clothe and eat;
'To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſic, muſt
All follow thee, and come to duſt.

Guid. ‘ *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. ‘ *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. ‘ *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
Unremoved be thy grave!

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. “ Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
“ The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
“ Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves.—Upon their faces—
“ You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
“ Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
“ Come on, away, apart upon our knees.———
“ The ground that gave them firſt, has them again:
“ Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Imogen awaking.*

Imo. ‘ Yes, Sir, to Milford-haven, which is the way?—
‘ I thank you——by yond buſh?———Pray, how far thither?———
‘ 'Ods pittikins——can it be ſix mile yet?———
‘ I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
‘ But, ſoft! no bedfellow——Oh gods and goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
‘ Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
‘ This bloody man the care on't——I hope I dream;
‘ For ſure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
‘ And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
‘ 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
‘ Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
‘ Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
‘ I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
‘ Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity

‘ As

As a wren's eye, oh gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!——the garments of Poſthumus?
I know the ſhape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face——
Murther in heaven!—how!—'tis gone!—Piſanio!—
All curſes madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil Cloten,
Haſt here cut off my Lord. To write and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!——Damn'd Piſanio
Hath with his forged letters——damn'd Piſanio!——
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! Oh Poſthumus, alas
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How ſhould this be, Piſanio?—
'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to the ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is Piſanion's deed, and Cloten's. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothſayer.

Capt. To them, the legions garriſon'd in Gallia,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at Milford-haven, with your ſhips:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Capt. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?
Capt. With the next benefit o' th' wind.
Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
[*To the ſoothſayer.*
What have you dream'd of late, of this war's purpoſe?
Sooth. Laſt night, the very gods ſhew'd me a viſion.
(I faſt' and pray'd for their intelligence).
I ſaw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh in the ſun-beams; which portends
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination)
Succeſs to th' Roman hoſt.
Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe!——Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.
Capt. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it ſeems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters. I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve them truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do

No

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pick-axes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partiſans
A grave; come, arm him †: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piſanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her!
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me paſt

The

† *i. e.* take him up in your arms.

The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is your's,
I ſet it at your will: but, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains; why gone;
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your Highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Of Roman gentlemen, by th' ſenate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.——Away.——

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

Piſ. I've had no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him Imogen was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work.
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt: not true, to be true.

Theſe

Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to the foreſt.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Muſt or for Britons ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newneſs
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render *
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo 'ploy'd † importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, (you ſee), not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs

To

* *render*, for a *confeſſion*.
† *i. e.* employed.

To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army.
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'ergrown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſs'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go.
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So ſay I, Amen.
Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country-wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long: their blood thinks
ſcorn [*Aſide.*
Till it fly out, and ſhew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field between the Britiſh and Roman camps.

Enter Poſthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Poſt. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſh'd
Thou ſhould be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves

For

For wrying but a little? Oh, Piſanio!
Every good ſervant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones.——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble Imogen to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more:——you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.——
But Imogen's your own: do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſs'd t' obey! I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Lady's kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As do's a Briton peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
Is ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit ſhews;
Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' Leonati in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the Britiſh army at another; Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus; he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion! Knighthoods, and honours born,

As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his reſcue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britons. They reſcue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the field of battle.*

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britiſh Lord.

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir; for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
'Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
'And but the backs of Britons ſeen; all flying
'Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
'Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
'More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
'Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
'Merely through fear, that the ſtraight paſs was damm'd
'With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
'To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one, I warrant), who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country-baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation caſ'd, or ſhame *),
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darkneſs fleet ſouls that fly backwards! ſtand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand.—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing), with this word, *Stand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance), gilded pale looks;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome † turn'd cow-
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war, [ard
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout confuſion-thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles: ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back-door open,
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome, their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughterman of twenty;
Thoſe that would die or e'er reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance;

* *ſhame*, for *modeſty*.
† *ſome*, for *that part which*.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any *.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Poſt. This is a Lord——oh noble Miſery,
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? "I, in mine own woe charm'd †,
"Could not find Death where I did hear him grone,
"Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,—
"'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
"Sweet words; and hath more miniſters than we,
"That draw his knives i' th' war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for Imogen.

Enter two Britiſh Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Capt.* Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken!
'Tis thought the old man and his ſons were angels.

2 *Capt.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Capt.*

* Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man, (twice a-boy), a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.
Lord. Farewel, &c.

† Meaning that his woe ſeemed as a charm which protected him.

1 *Capt.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman——
Who had now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Capt.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Roman captives. The Captains preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which all go out.

SCENE III. *Changes to a priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, and two Goalers.

1 *Goal.* You ſhall not now be ſtoln, you've locks upon you;
So graze, as you find paſture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*
Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way
I think to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o' th' gout, ſince he had rather
Grone ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, Death; who is the key
T' unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy.——Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfy,
I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter render † of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.

† *render*, for *mulct*.

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh Imogen!
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.——— *He ſleeps* †.

SCENE

† [*Here follow a viſion, a maſque, and a prophecy, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for mere ſhow, and apparently not of Shakeſpear.*]

Solemn muſic. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Poſthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Poſthumus, with muſic before them. Then, after other muſic, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Poſthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.——
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtaid,
Attending Nature's law.
Whoſe father, Jove! (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art),
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my Poſthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!———
Sici. Great Nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' th' world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of Imogen, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?

Moth.

SCENE IV. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonatus' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet Imogen!——
Sici. Why did you ſuffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy,
And to become the geck and ſcorn
O' th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely, and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Poſthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou King of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſ[illegible].
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we, poor ghoſts, will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

Jupiter deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—how dare you, ghoſts,

(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stepp'd before ſhields of proof), cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel.

Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of Elyſium, hence, and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent;
Our Jovial ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein [*Jupiter drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away;—no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtaline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſs'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt,
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone—they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I ſwerve!
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve;
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

Reads.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

Cym.

Reads.

When as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when, from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.
'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not——do either both, or nothing——
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot unrie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep,
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are your ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather; ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Poſt. So if it prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ach: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your Death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourſelf that which I'm ſure you do not know; or lump the after inquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pif. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and liv-
But no trace of him. [ing,

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;
[*To Bel. Guid. and Arvirag.*
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Farther to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Ariſe my knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King?
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.

Cym.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Poſthumus and Meſſenger.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes. I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE, &c.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too, How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?
Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhow; yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes: repented
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:

Mine

Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners; Poſthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted.
So think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was your's by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threatned
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't.——And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britan harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, Live, boy: ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,

The

The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplex'd?

Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: Think more and more
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live! is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter; walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[*Cymbel. and Imo. walk aſide.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles, than he th' ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele. What think you?

Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not: forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure
He would have ſpoke t'us.

Guid. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.

Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs——— [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [*Cymbel. and Imo. come forward.*

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.

Make

Make thy demand aloud———Sir, ſtep you forth,
[*To Iachimo.*
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,
Which is honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſehood——On; ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd [thee,
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.———
[*Swoons.*
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhould'ſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour); it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The manſion where): 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, would
Our viands had been pois'n! or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head): the good Poſthumus—
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones)——ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for feature *, laming
The ſhrines of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief † nature; for condition,

A

* *feature*, for *proportion of parts.*
† *i. e.* inelaborate, haſty.

A ſhop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs which ſtrikes the eye———
Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly.—This Poſthumus,
(Moſt like a Noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity;—there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat I, wretch!——
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and, might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Moſt vilely: for my 'vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;

(Oh, cunning! how I got it), nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come—oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am Poſthumus
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lye;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and ſhe herſelf.——
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o' th' ſtreet to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſs than 'twas!—Oh Imogen!
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Poſt. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Piſ. Oh, Gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—Oh, my Lord Poſthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me!

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Piſ.

Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
I gave you was not thought by me
ous thing: I had it from the Queen.
New matter ſtill?
It poiſon'd me.
Oh gods!
at one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
muſt approve thee honeſt. If Piſanio
aid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
ould ſerve a rat.
What's this, Cornelius?
The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
per poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
ng creatures vile, as cats and dogs
ſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
more danger, did compound for her
in ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ſeize
ſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
ces of nature ſhould again
ir due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
My boys, there was our error.
This is, ſure, Fidele.
Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
[*To Poſthumus.*
that you are upon a mock †, and now
me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*
Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
e tree die!
How now, my fleſh? my child?
mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
ou not ſpeak to me?
Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
d a motive for't. [*To Guid. Arvir.*
My tears that fall,
oly water on thee! Imogen,
other's dead.
I'm ſorry for't, my Lord.

† a farce, a ſtage-play.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my Lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to Milford:
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my Lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had

Had ever ſcar for.——Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By haſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave, [*rius.*
Thou hadſt, great King, a ſubject who was call'd *Bela-*
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed a baniſh'd man,
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot.
Firſt, pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy; here's my knee.
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me *father*,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure, as you your father's. I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd.
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon. That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes

(For ſuch and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment. I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children——
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This Gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as your's, is true Guiderius.
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, Arviragus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp.
It was wiſe nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſs'd may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! Oh Imogen,
Thou'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I, you brothers,
When ye were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he dy'd.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?—Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependences
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever.
[*To Belarius.*
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracicus ſeaſon!
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.
Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Poſt.

Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three,
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.

Iach. I am down again. [*Kneels.*
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee,
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe; but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me.
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you;
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, princes †.

Cym.

† *Poſt.* Your ſervant, princes. Good my Lord of Rome,
Call forth your Soothſayer. As I ſlept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,

Being

Cym. My peace we will begin; and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to Cæſar,
And to the Roman empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her and her's)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion
Which I made known to Lucius ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Roman eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o' th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' Imperial Cæſar, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſs'd altars! publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a Britiſh enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there: never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

TROILUS

Being Leonatus, doth import ſo much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This has ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, Royal Cymbeline,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth; who by Belarius ſtoln,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the *majeſtic cedar join'd*; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace will begin, &c.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA †.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, Æneas, Pandarus, Antenor, — *Trojans.*

A baſtard ſon of Priam.

Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, — *Greeks.*

Diomedes, Patroclus, Therſites, Calchas, — *Greeks.*

Helen, *wife to Menelaus, in love with Paris.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Caſſandra, *daughter to Priam, a propheteſs.*

Creſſida, *daughter to Calchas, in love with Troilus.*

Alexander, *Creſſida's man.*

Boy, page to Troilus.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian camp before it.

† This ſtory was originally written by Lollius an old Lombard author, and ſince by Chaucer. It is alſo found in an old Engliſh ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of Troy; from which many of the circumſtances in this play are borrowed, they being to be found no where elſe.

Before this play, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted; and that it was publiſhed without Shakeſpear's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr Dryden thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays; but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned preface, that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politic, (with which this piece is crouded more than any other of his,) ſeems to confirm my opinion.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the ſcene: from iſles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens ſent their ſhips,
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſack Troy; within whoſe ſtrong immures,
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris ſleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come——
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's ſix gates i' th' city,
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides), with maſſy ſtaples,
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.——
Now Expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument),
To tell you, (fair beholders), that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle; ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault,—do as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of Troy,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is maſter of his heart,

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. 'The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
'Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
'But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
'Tamer than ſleep, fonder † than ignorance;
'Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
'And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting: but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word *hereafter*, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I ſit;
And when fair Creſſid comes into my thoughts,——
So, traitor!——when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me.
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile.
But ſorrow that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An' her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's—Well, go to, there were no more compariſon between

† *fonder*, for *more childiſh*.

between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would ſome body had heard her talk yeſterday as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit, but———

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus———
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love. Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe—O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach), to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, and (ſpite of ſenſe)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me,
(As true thou tell'ſt me), when I ſay I love her.
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is; if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an' ſhe be not, ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus! what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen; an' ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an' ſhe were a Black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father; let her to the Greeks, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus———

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus——

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides.——Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus——O gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India, there ſhe lies a pearl.
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd *the wild and wandering flood;*
Ourſelf the merchant, and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II. *Alarum. Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not i' th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there. This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn.
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a public ſtreet, near the walls of Troy.

Enter Creſſida, and her Servant.

Cre. Who where thoſe went by?

Ser. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. Hector, whoſe patience
Is as the virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.
He chid Andromache, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; there is among the Greeks
A Lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſted into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion. There is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands, and of no uſe; or a purblind Argus, all eyes, and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make Hector angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd Hector in the battle,

and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept Hector faſting and waking.

SCENE IV. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin Creſſid; what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander *;——how do you, couſin? when were you at Ilium †?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was Hector arm'd and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; Hector was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus?——Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, Jupiter, there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay; for I am ſure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan.

* This is added in all the editions very abſurdly, Paris not being on the ſtage.

† Throughout this play the name of Ilium ſeems to be given only to Priam's palace.

. Himſelf? alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.
So he is.
. 'Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.
He is not Hector.
. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; 'would he were
! Well, the gods are above; time muſt friend,
; well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in
dy!——No, Hector is not a better man than
s.
Excuſe me.
. He is elder.
Pardon me, pardon me.
. Th' other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me an-
:ale, when th' other's come to't. Hector ſhall
ve his wit this year.
. He ſhall not need it if he have his own.
. Nor his qualities.
. No matter.
. Nor his beauty.
. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herſelf
th' other day, that Troilus for a brown favour,
) 'tis, I muſt confeſs), not brown neither——
. No, but brown.
. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.
. To ſay the truth, true and not true.
. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.
. Why, Paris hath colour enough.
. So he has.
. Then Troilus ſhould have too much; if ſhe
l him above, his complexion is higher than his:
ring colour enough, and the other higher, is too
g a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve
's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a
r noſe.
. I ſwear to you, I think Helen loves him better
Paris.
. Then ſhe's a merry Greek indeed.
. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him
her day into the compaſs-window; and, you know,
not paſs'd three or four hairs upon his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapſter's arithmetic may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?——

Pan. But to prove to you, that Helen loves him, ſhe came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an' 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus.———

Cre. Troilus will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. Troilus? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And Caſſandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus's chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Han. Quoth ſhe, Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, take no queſtion of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. Jupiter! quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But there was ſuch laughing, and Helen ſo bluſh'd, and Paris ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them as they paſs towards Ilium? Good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor paſſes over the ſtage.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' ſoundeſt judgment in Troy whatſoever, and a proper man of perſon. When comes Troilus? I'll ſhew you Troilus *anon; if he ſee me,* you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan.

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the mich ſhall have more.

Hector paſſes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, Hector; there's a brave man, niece: O brave Hector! look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,——look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris paſſes over.

Han. Swords, any thing, he cares not; an' the devil come to him, 'tis all one; by godſlid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, younder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? 'Would I could ſee Troilus now! you ſhall ſee Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus paſſes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is: that's Helenus——I think he went not forth to-day; that's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where Troilus is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus?* Helenus is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus paſſes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece—hem—brave Troilus! *the prince* of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?———Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.——

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what word you lie.

Cre. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; *unleſs it ſwell* paſt hiding, and then it is paſt *watching.*

Pan.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt Fare you well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle———

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and Love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterpriſe:
But more in Troilus thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lies in doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is, Command; ungain'd, Beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content † firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit*

SCENE V.

Changes to Agamemnon's tent in the Grecian camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomede, Menelaus, with others.

Agem. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that Hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting ſap,

Infe

† *content*, for *capacity*.

Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet Troy walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are indeed nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for there the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy goodly ſeat,
Great Agamemnon, Neſtor ſhall ſupply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe: where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds

Make

Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding Fortune †.

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up; hear what Ulyſſes ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbration
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To Agamemn*
And thou moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretch'd-out life,
[*To Neſt*
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of Ithaca: we leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſic, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions,
When that the General not likes the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *Degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this centre,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſti

† *It is ſaid of the tyger, that in ſtorms and high winds he r*
and roars moſt furiouſly.

Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence inthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *Degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns),
Then enterpriſe is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
(But by degree), ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength would be lord of Imbecility,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
'Force would be right; or rather right and wrong
'(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice preſides)
'Would loſe their names, and ſo would Juſtice too,
'Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
'Power into will, will into appetite;
'And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
'So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
'Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great Agamemnon!
This chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this neglection of Degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe

It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath Ulyſſes here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, Ulyſſes,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. "The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
"The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,
"Having his ear full of his airy fame,
"Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
"Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, Patroclus,
"Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
"Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
"And with ridiculous and aukward action
"(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
"He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
"Thy ſtopleſs † deputation he puts on;
"And, like a ſtrutting player, (whoſe conceit
"Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
"To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
"'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage),
"Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
"He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
"'Tis like a chime a-mending: with terms unſquar'd:
"Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
"Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
"The large Achilles, on his preſs'd-bed lolling,
"From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
"Cries—Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon juſt—
"Now play me Neſtor—hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
"As he, being dreſs'd to ſome oration.
"That's done—as near as the extremeſt ends
"Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
"Yet good Achilles ſtill cries, Excellent!

"'Tis

† *i. e.* unlimited.

" 'Tis Neſtor right! now play him me, Patroclus,
" Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
" And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
" Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
" And with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
" Shake in and out the rivet—And at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries O!—enough, Patroclus—
Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace; exacts †,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as Ulyſſes ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice), many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a reign, in full as proud a pace,
As broad Achilles; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle; and ſets Therſites
(A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint),
To match us in compariſon with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand. 'The ſtill and mental parts,
' That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
' When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
' Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
' Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
' They call this bed-work mapp'ry, cloſet-war;
' So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
' For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
' They place before his hand that made the engine;
' Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls

† *i. e. exactments, public taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war.*

' By reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*
Aga. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

SCENE VI. *Enter Æneas.*

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I aſk that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Aga. This Trojan ſcorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and (Jove's accord)
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, Æneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him;
. bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not Agamemnon's ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud.
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The trumpets ſound.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd *Hector*, (Priam is his father),
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak. Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion †,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than her's: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it).
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouſe a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;—even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home; but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,

† *confeſſion*, for *profeſſion*.

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of Neſtor: one that was a man
When Hector's grandſire ſuck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love; tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand.
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt.
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent.
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent Ulyſſes and Neſtor.*

Ulyſſ. Neſtor,———

Neſt. What ſays Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſſ. This challenge that the gallant Hector ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to Achilles.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous, even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (tho' Apollo knows
'Tis dry enough), will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the Trojans taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, Ulyſſes,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby-figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets Hector, iſſues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of her virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our Achilles ſhares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him.
But he already is too inſolent;

And

And we were better parch in Afric ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh Ajax draw
The lort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will phyſic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſs Ajax come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax employ'd, plucks down Achilles plumes.

Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte if it forthwith
To Agamemnon; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therſites.

Ajax. THerſites.——

Ther. Agamemnon——how if he had boils ——full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. And thoſe boils did run——ſay ſo——did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax.

Ajax. Speak then, thou windieſt leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but I think thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' the jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation———

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the lothſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation———

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty; ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs Therſites!———

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur!——— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!———

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an Aſſinego may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh Trojans, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Therſites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to ſtrike him, Achilles interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay this Ajax———

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit———

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As well ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, Therſites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo——A great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be lyars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therſites?

Ther. There's Ulyſſes, and old Neſtor, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes), yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plow up the wair.

Achil. What! What!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to Achilles! to Ajax! to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, Therſites.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the ſun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus

Thus once again ſays Neſtor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. Hector, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fear the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet
There is no lady of more ſoſter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let Helen go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as Helen: I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are youre rea-
You know an enemy intends you harm; [ſons.
You know a ſword employ'd is perilous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet

The

The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is aught but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will doats, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will inkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——

If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom Paris went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *Go, go)*;
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd, *Ineſtimable!)*; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
What we have ſtoln that we do fear to keep!
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln!
Who in *their* country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noiſe, what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Caſſandra.

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra, with her hair about her ears.

Caſſ. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, Trojans, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act

Such

Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad: her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons;
And, Jove forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When Helen is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When Helen is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both ſaid well:
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Ariſtotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: "for Pleaſure and Revenge
"Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
"Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King,
(As it is known ſhe is), theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.

For,

For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.——
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept:
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Therſites ſolus.

How now, Therſites? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him whilſt he rail'd at me: 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of gods; and, Mercury, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the boneach, for that, methinks, is the curſe dependent on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay *Amen*. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou

could'ſt not have ſlipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heav'n bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death; then if ſhe that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but Lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Pat. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me?

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion——why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Pat. Thy Lord, Therſites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'ſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus's knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Pat. You raſcal———

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Therſites is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therſites is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool poſitive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy Creator;——it ſuffices me thou art.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with nobody: come in with me, Therſites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry Serpigo on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is Achilles!

Pat. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. [*To Agamemnon.*

Neſt. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him!

Ulyſſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, Therſites?

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his Argument, Achilles.

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſſ. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes Patroclus.

Neſt. No Achilles with him?

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me ſay, he is much ſorry, If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate, To call on him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health and your digeſtion ſake; An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus; We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers: But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn, Cannot outfly our apprehenſions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues (Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld) Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs; And, like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh, Are like to rot untaſted. Go, and tell him, We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin, If you do ſay we think him over-proud, In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on, Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command, And undergo in an obſerving kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if The paſſage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add, That if he over-hold his price ſo much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report, Bring action hither, this can't go to war. A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give, Before a ſleeping giant; tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,

We

We come to ſpeak with him. Ulyſſes, enter.

[*Exit Ulyſſes.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe this thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, Noble Ajax; you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no-leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Ulyſſes.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſſ. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow?

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will-peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſs'd with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, *No recovery.*

Aga. *Let Ajax go to him.*

Dear

Freſh Kings are come to Troy: to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's apartments in the palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [*Muſic within.*

Pan. FRiend! you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of grace.

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: Honour and Lordſhip are my titles:
What muſic is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſic in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians!

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſic.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too

too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of Paris my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

Ser. No, Sir, Helen; could you not find that out by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe indeed.

SCENE II. *Enter Paris and Helen, attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen; fair Prince, here is good broken muſic.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir———

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchſafe me a word.

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but marry thus, my Lord;—my dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-ſweet Lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to———

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, i' faith———

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, *I* care not for ſuch words, no, no———

Pan. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,———

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,———

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpouſer Creſſida.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpouſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why ſhould you ſay, Creſſida? no, your poor diſpouſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy———

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument, now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen.

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love!——ay, that it ſhall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe lovers cry, Oh! oh! they die;
Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, Oh! oh! to Ha, ha, he.
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it ſo. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors——Sweet Helen, I muſt woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white inchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in duty than we have,
Yea, overſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An orchard to Pandarus's houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's man.

Pan. Now, where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

Ser. No, Sir, he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe: what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtil-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were 'fraid with a ſprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom.
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe:
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of majeſty.

SCENE IV. *Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.*

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files †. Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an' 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs thy miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O Creſſida, how often have I wiſh'd me thus?

Cre. Wiſh'd, my Lord! the gods grant——O my Lord.

† Alluding to the cuſtom of putting men ſuſpected of cowardice in the middle places.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes th
ty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my
Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have e

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they nev
truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, findi
er footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without
To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O, let my Lady apprehend no fear; in all
pid's pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vo
to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thin
ing it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough
than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This i
the monſtruoſity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite,
and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is bound-
leſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſtrous?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we; praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. Troilus ſhall be ſuch to Creſſida, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

SCENE V. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of

you,

you, you'll give him me: but true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Creſſid then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lye——
My thoughts, were like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to themſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſh'd myſelf a man;
Or that we women had mens' privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſic iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs.
I am aſham'd;——O heavens, what have I done!
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet Creſſid?

Pan. Leave! an' you take leave till to-morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi.

Troi. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

Cre. Let me go try.
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I ſpeak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not. To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you),
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but once convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
'True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
'Approve their truths by Troilus; when their rhimes,
'Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
'Want ſimilies: truth, tired with iteration,
'As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon †,
'As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
'As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
'Yet after all compariſons of truth,

* As

† It was heretofore the prevailing opinion, that the production and growth of plants depended much upon the influence of the *moon*: and the rules and directions given for ſowing, planting, *grafting*, and pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the *increaſe*, or waining of the moon.

'As truth authentic, ever to be cited,
'As true as Troilus, ſhall crown up the verſe,
'And ſanctify the numbers.
Cre. Prophet may you be!
'If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
'When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
'When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
'And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
'And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
'To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
'from falſe to falſe, amongſt falſe maids in love,
'Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
'As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
'As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
'Pard to the hind, or ſtepdame to her ſon;
'Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
'As falſe as Creſſid.———

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all inconſtant men be Troiluſes, all falſe women Creſſidas, and all brokers between Pandars. Say, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen! Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it will not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you,
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſs'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted:
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What would'ſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right-great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill deny'd: but this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a ſon of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Creſſid hither: Calchas ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good Diomede,
Furniſh you fairly for this interchange;
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyſſ. Achilles ſtands i' th' entrance of his tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,

Lay

Lay negligent and loſe regard upon him.
I will come laſt; 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him.
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good. Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſays Achilles? would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not Achilles?

Pat. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,

Hath

'Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
'That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
'Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
'Which, when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders),
'The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
'Doth one pluck down another, and together
'Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me.
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe mens' looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is Ulyſſes.
I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, Ulyſſes?
Ulyſſ. Now, Thetis' ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted †,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, Ulyſſes.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others' form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſsly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much conſiſting),
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,

Till

† *i. e.* how exquiſitely ſoever his virtues be divided and balanced *in him.*

Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; or, which, like an arch, rever-
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel [b'rates
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax———
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe? [there are,
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An act, that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men ſleep in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breaſt,
And great Troy ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
For they paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſſ. 'Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
'Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
'(A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes),
'Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
'As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
'As done: perſeverance keeps honour bright:
'To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
'Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
"For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
"Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
"For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
"That one by one purſue; if you give way,
"*Or turn aſide from* the direct forth-right,
"*Like to an entred* tide, they all ruſh by,
"*And leave* you hindermoſt; and there you lie,

" Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
" For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
" And trampled on: then what they do in preſent;
" Tho' leſs than your's in paſt, muſt o'ertop your's.
' For Time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
' That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
' But with his arms outſtretch'd, as he would fly,
' Graſps in the comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
' And Farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not Virtue ſeek
" Remuneration for the thing it was;
" For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
" Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
" To envious and calumniating Time.
" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
" That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born gawds,
" Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
" And give to duſt that is a little gilt,
" More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted;
" The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worſhip Ajax;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once for thee;
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not intomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions † 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyſſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the gods,

† *miſſions*, for *diviſions*, i. e. goings out on one ſide and the other.

Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as your's, my Lord.
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.
But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump,
And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my Lord——I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Pat. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and maniſh grown,
Is not more loth'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.——I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus.
'Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton Cupid
'Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
'And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
'Be ſhook to air.
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector!——
Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.
Pat. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary,
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.
Achil. Go call Therſites hither, ſweet Patroclus:
I'll ſend the fool to Ajax, and deſire him
T' invite the Trojan Lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great Hector in the weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.——A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX. *Enter Therſites.*

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with Hector, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if't wou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, Good morrow, Ajax; and he replied, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. "A plague of opinion! a "man may wear it on both ſides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, Therſites.

Ther. Who, I?——why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus——tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant Ajax, to invite the moſt valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, Captain-General of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Pat

Pat. Jove bleſs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum———

Pat. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite Hector o his tent.

Ther. Hum———

Pat. And to procure ſafe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!———

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock t will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for ne ere he has me.

Pat. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What muſic will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler Apollo get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomede, with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon ?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how Diomede a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion † of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and the other Diomede embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By Jove I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward.——In human gentleneſs,
Welcome to Troy——Now, by Anchiſes' life,
Welcome indeed!—by Venus' hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We ſympathize——Jove, let Æneas live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas to bring this [Greek
To Calchas' houſe, and there to render him
(For the infreed Antenor) the fair Creſſid.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,

† *queſtion*, for *force*, *virtue*.

(Or rather call my thoughts a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof I fear
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Creſſid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, Lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good-morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomede; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen moſt?
Myſelf or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure),
With ſuch a hell of pain and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece †;
You, like a lecher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple,
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomede, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll

† *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown.

We'll not commend what we intend not ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Pandarus's houſe.*

Enter Troilus and Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not———
To bed, to bed———ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give us ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. "Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
"Tredious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
"With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry——you men will never tarry—
O fooliſh Creſſida——I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
Pan. [*within.*] What! all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life———
Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
Hear you, maid; where's my couſin Creſſida?
Cre. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre.

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew you heart; you'll never be good, nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor Capocchia,—haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?——'would he were knock'd o' th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go, and ſee!——my Lord, come you again into my chamber;—you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha———

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing.

How earneſtly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? What's the matter?

SCENE III. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. Good morrow, Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho!——nay, then:——come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As Pandarus is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomede, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to Diomedes' hand

The

The Lady Creſſida.

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By Priam, and the general ſtate of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord Æneas)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good my Lord; the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV *Enter Creſſida to Pandarus.*

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the devil take Antenor! the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone! tell me ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cre. O the gods! What's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'wouldſt thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon Antenor!———

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for Antenor; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſehood,
If ever ſhe leave Troilus. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.——I'll go and weep.———

Pan

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before Pandarus's houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in Pandarus's houſe.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong than that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, ſweet duck!—

Cre. O Troilus, Troilus!

Pan-

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is),
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?
where he anſwers again;
Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.
There was never a truer rhime. "Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſs'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities), take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true that I muſt go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly; while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æne. [*within.*] My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, Come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cre. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks! When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why, I ſpeak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!——
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,

That tempts moſt cunningly; but be not tempted.
Bre. Do you think I will?
Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done that we will not;
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my Lord,———
Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part.
Paris. [*within.*] Brother Troilus.———
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cre. My Lord, will you be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fiſh, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch mere ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomede; here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Intreat her fair; and, by my ſoul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name Creſſid, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Lady Creſſid,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects;
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads you fair uſage; and to Diomede
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee,
By praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.

I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge:
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou doſt not,
(Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard),
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, Be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour——No.

Troi. Come, to the port—I'll tell thee, Diomede,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, Hector's trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready ſtraight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Grecian camp.*

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for Hector. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' Diomede with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyſſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, with Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the Lady Creſſida?

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet Lady †.

Dio.

† ———ſweet Lady.

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for Neſtor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!

Pat. The firſt was Menelaus' kiſs—this mine—
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Pat. Paris and I kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave,——

Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:

May

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomede leads out Creſſida.*

Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
' There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
' Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
' At every joint, and motive † of her body:
' Oh, theſe encounterers! So glib of tongue,
' They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
' And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
' To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
' For ſluttiſh ſpoils of Opportunity,
' And daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and attendants.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! what ſhall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.
Aga. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Ulyſſ. Why then, for Venus' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his——
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word, &c.

† *motive, for motion.*

The iſſue is embracement. Ajax, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in intreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance), I would deſire
My famous couſin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wiſh, and great Achilles
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part.
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my couſin.
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon and the reſt of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name:
But for Achilles, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſs to you.
[*To Troilus.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O——you, my Lord——by Mars his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks.
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by Venus' glove,
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon——I offend.

Neſt. 'I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
'Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way [thee,
'Through ranks of Greekiſh youth; and I have ſeen

' As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
' Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
' When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i' th' air,
' Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
' That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
' Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life?
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This I've ſeen.
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good.
But by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Neſtor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hath ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time.
Moſt reverend Neſtor, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would my arms could match thee in conten-
As they contend with thee in courteſy. [tion,

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time—

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulyſſes, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and Diomede
In Ilion, on your Greekiſh embaſſy.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue.
My propheſy is but half his journey yet:
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you.
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ.

Uly. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle and moſt valiant Hector, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.
Achil. I ſhall forestal thee, Lord Ulyſſes;——thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles!
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſs'd gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.——
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead!
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, Achilles, let theſe threats alone,
Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of Hector,

If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be at odds with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The Grecians' cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As Hector's leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow,
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Manent Troilus and Ulyſſes.*

Troi. My Lord Ulyſſes, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyſſ. At Menelaus' tent, moſt princely Troilus;
There Diomede doth feaſt with him to-night:
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair Creſſid.
Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſſ. You ſhall command me, Sir;
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This Creſſida in Troy; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But ſtill ſweet love is food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus,

Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Pat. Here comes Therſites.

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound *.

Pat. Well ſaid, Adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles's male varlet.

Pat. Male varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now, the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Pat. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love †,

Both

* In this anſwer Therſites only quibbles upon the word *tent*.

† This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three *deſtructions* of Troy.

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall Greek, fail fame, honour or go or ſtay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, Therſites, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt Achil. and Pat.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails †; but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and obeliſk memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with it, turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not Therſites; for I care not to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not Menelaus———
Heyday, ſpirits and fires.

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, and Diomede with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Princes all.
Aga. So, now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

† Meaning wanton women; quails being of ſo hot a conſtitution, that it is a proverb among the French, *Chaud comm' une caille.* And *Des cailles coiffées* is an expreſſion uſed by Rabelais.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' General.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught——ſweet, quoth a——ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to That go or tarry. [thoſe

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomede, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important buſineſs, The tide whereof is now; good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſſ. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame Diomede's a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the ſun borrows of the moon when Diomede keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee Hector, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uſes the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after——Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Calchas's tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*within.*] Who calls!

Dio. Diomede; Calchas I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter

Enter Troilus and Ulyſſes, after them Therſites.

Ulyſſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. Creſſid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt,———

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery———

Dio. Nay, then———

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn———

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyſſ. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomede,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart I pray Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf [you, To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly: I beſeech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you———
Ulyſſ. Good my Lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my Lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments, I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſſ. Why, how now, Lord?
Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian,——why Greek———
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out?
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.———
Ulyſſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by Jove I will not ſpeak a word. There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles theſe together! fry, lechery, fry!—
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord,
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Creſſida.*

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.———
Cre. Here, Diomede, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſſ. My Lord,——
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well;—
He lov'd me:—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomede, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O all ye gods!——O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.—— [*Diomedes ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, Diomede: 'faith, you
I'll give you ſomething elſe. [ſhall not:
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder †,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhalt mock Diomede again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;——one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do, come:—
I ſhall be plagued.
Dio. Farewel till then. [Exit Cre.

† *i. e.* the ſtars which ſhe points to.

Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Creſſid here?
Ulyſſ. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Troi. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſſ. Nor mine, my Lord: Creſſid was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By Creſſid's rule. Rather think this not Creſſid.
Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is Diomede's Creſſida.
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thyſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs † aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not Creſſid.
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight Arachne's broken woof to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as Pluto's gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlipp'd, diſſolv'd, and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomede.

Ulyſſ. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion does expreſs?

Troi. Ay, Greek, and that ſhall be divulged well,
In characters, as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus——ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, Greek, as much as I do Creſſid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomede.
That ſleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a caſk compos'd by Vulcan's ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout
Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on Diomede.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Creſſid! O falſe Creſſid! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſſ.

† *perdition* and *loſs* are both uſed in the very ſame ſenſe, and that an odd one, to ſignify *unreaſonableneſs*.

Ulyſſ. O, contain yourſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
Farewel, revolted fair: and, Diomede,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!
Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulyſſes.*

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomede, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: lechery, lechery, ſtill wars and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the palace of Troy.*

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.

Hect

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. " The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
" They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
" Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
And. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit Caſſandra.*
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to day i' th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand to-day for thee and me, and Troy.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that? good Troilus, chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the caitiff † Grecians fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools' play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect.

† *i. e.* daſtardly Grecians.

Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears †;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII. *Enter Priam and Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greeks,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal Priam.
Caſ. O, Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit. And.*
Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear Hector:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy eyes turn pale!

Look

† i. tears that continue to courſe one another down the face.

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;
How poor Andromache ſhrills he dolour forth!
Behold deſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witleſs antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector, Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: Hector, I take my leave;
Thou doſt thyſelf and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Heſt. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with ſafety ſtand about thee! [*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud Diomede, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord, do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſic, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſic ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the field between Troy and the camp.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Therſites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go

go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, Diomede, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of Troy, there, in his helm. I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young Trojan aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſter villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errant. O' th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe Neſtor, and that ſame dog-fox Ulyſſes, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.——They ſet me up in policy that mongril cur Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede and Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t' other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river Styx, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcal Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian; now for thy whore, Trojan: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X. *Enter Hector.*

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee——live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle——yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou Troilus' horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my Lady Creſſid:

Fellow,

Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Ser. I go, my Lord. [*Exit Ser.*

SCENE XI. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: baſtard Margarelon *
Hath Doreus priſoner,
And ſtands Coloſſus-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed corſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and Odius. Polyxenus is ſlain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful ſagittary †
Appals our numbers: haſte we, Diomede,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd Ajax arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand Hectors in the field.
Now, here he fights on Galathe ‡ his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrowy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath.
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

* The introducing a baſtard ſon of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of Troy.

† "Beyonde the royalme of Amaſonne came an auncyent Kynge, "wyſe and dyſcreete, named *Epyſtrophus*, and brought a M. "Knyghtes, and a merveylouſe beſte that was called *Sagittarye*, "that behynde the myddes was an horſe, and to fore, a man. This "beſte was heery like an horſe, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and "ſhotte well with a bowe. *This beſte made the Grekes ſore aferde, "and ſleve many of them with his bowe.*" The three deſtructions of *Troy*, printed by Caxton.

‡ From the ſame book is taken this name given to Hector's horſe.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hack'd and chipt, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bade him win all.

SCENE XII. *Enter Ajax.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector, where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay, where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'ſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhould'ſt have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I ſay, what! Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor Diomede! turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax.

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, Diomede.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again.
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel.
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Impale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye.
It is decreed—Hector the great muſt die. Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now bull, now dog; 'loo, Paris, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, Paris, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of Priam's.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us. If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *Enter Hector.*

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and dark'ning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellow, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek †.
[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next. Now, Troy, ſink down.
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;

And,

† This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, is taken from the old ſtory-book.

And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeperates †.
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, and the reſt, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Aga. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector!——the gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite at Troy,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo.
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo? or Hecuba? Let

†——the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie, &c.

Let him that will a ſcrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into Troy, and ſay there, Hector's dead:
That is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make welling Noibes of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains.
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare, [coward!
I'll through, and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go.
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

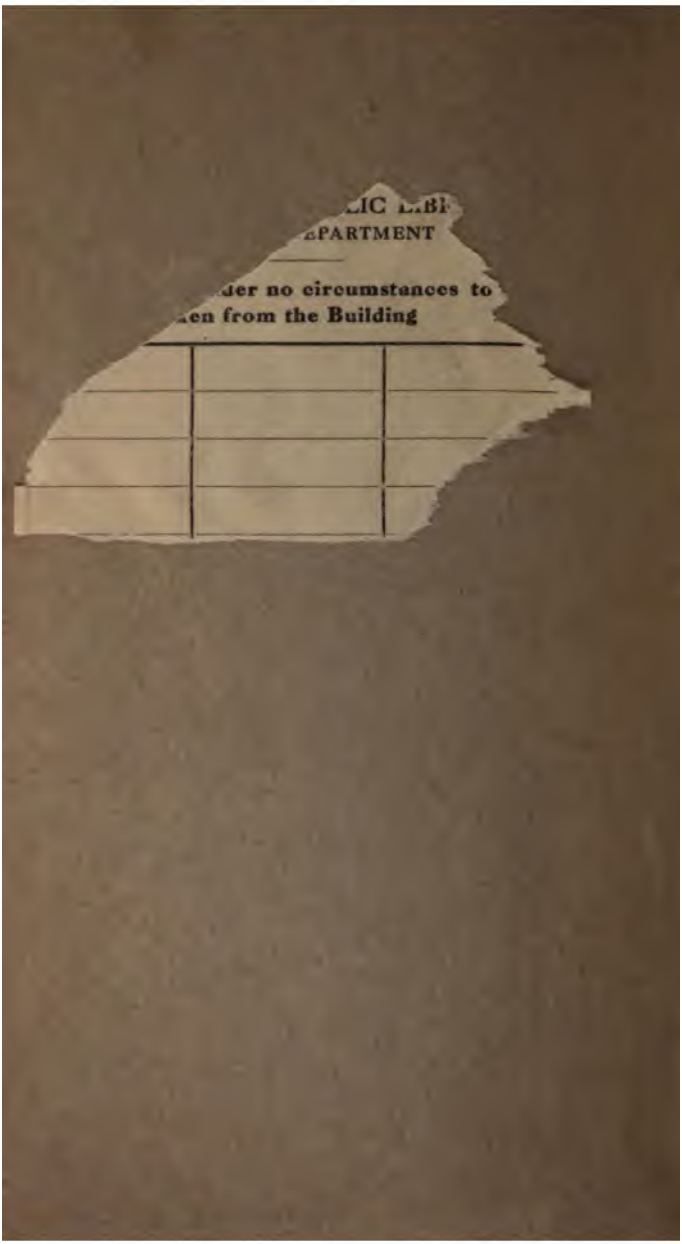
Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence brothel-lacquey; ignominy, ſhame,
[*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpiſed: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loth'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?——Let me ſee——

Full merrily the humble bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting:
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted
As many as be here of Pandar's hall, [cloths—
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made.
I ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſs;
Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [Exit.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.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